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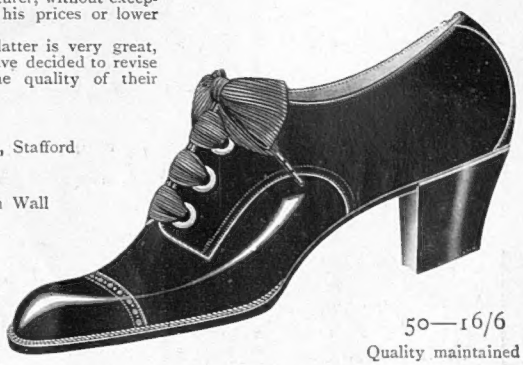

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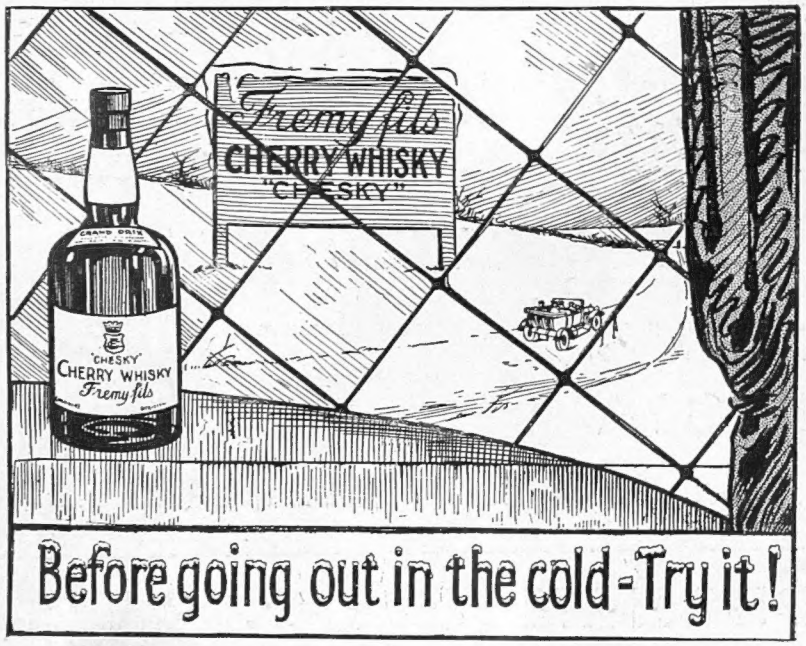

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

War Once Again

By the time these lines appear, the guns will have spoken again before Chatalja, always supposing something has not happened to spike them. The resumption of the war, like its original beginning, is due solely to the Powers. In both cases, fighting is the direct outcome of the intervention of United Europe. In October last they presented a joint Note to the Porte, which was rejected, and war began. In January they presented another Note, which was again rejected, and war was resumed. It is probable that had the Six Great Noses not been poked into the business on either occasion, the disputants would have settled their troubles peacefully. Wherefore again is it proved that the real war-makers are the supposed peacemakers. Down with Diplomacy!

***

"Among the Prophets"

We are far too modest a journal to claim to have in any way dictated their policy to the leaders of a political party. When, however, one has been alone in London in accurately anticipating the policy to be laid down by a leader, it seems stupid not to draw attention to it, if only in parallel columns, which here follow:

THE BYSTANDER, *Jan.* 1, 1913.

As for Tariffs, surely the time has come to cease *talking* about them. Let the Unionists announce that, when returned, they will put taxes on whatever they think suitable, according to the needs of the year, just as Mr. George does. The talk of Tariffs only plays the game of the enemy, who can easily win the next election if it continues.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN AT REDDITCH, *Jan.* 30, 1913.

We shall proceed to put a moderate tariff upon the imports of manufactured goods. Mr. Asquith says, "What manufactured goods and what duties?" He has not told me what Budget his Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to propose in a couple of months' time, and it is not reasonable to ask any of us to say what is to be the exact form of the Budget which we shall introduce whenever we come into power.

"WEE, MODEST, WINSOME, TIMID FLOW'R"
—BURNS *(Dundee edition)*

Referring to Mr. Churchill, Mr. Asquith congratulated Dundee upon its Parliamentary representative, "a man of shrinking modesty—who only under the strong compulsion of public duty presented himself to the public gaze" (Laughter and cheers)

(BY E. T. REED)

Au Revoir Only

So their Lordships have cast upon the waters the Home Rule bread, that (under the Parliament Act) shall return to them after not very many days. I suppose conscience compelled them to go through the formality of "rejection," though cynicism might have suggested the advisability of declaring that, having no power to do more than delay the Bill, it best suited their dignity to let it go through. Probably, however, they will adopt this attitude (Die-Hards permitting) next Session.

***

The Women to the Rescue

At present, the only hope of the Unionists to destroy Home Rule is to bring about the downfall of the Government on some other question. As to what that question shall be, nobody can be in much doubt; the only doubt is whether the present leadership is "slim" enough to take the fullest advantage of the Ministerial differences on the Suffrage.

***

Sixteens and Seventeens

Derry is, I suppose, bad. Ulster—loyal, Protestant Ulster—now returns to the House a majority of one for Home Rule, having seventeen "traitors" as against sixteen loyalists. But if the spalpeens think that mere numerical considerations are going to count in this contest, they are mistaken. Ulster will fight, and will go on being right, no matter what may happen at mere elections. In England we shall, perhaps, cease to talk quite so much about the "loyal majority," and shall couch our arguments more in the abstract philosophical key. For the moment, too, there is humour to help us. The victor's name is Hogg!

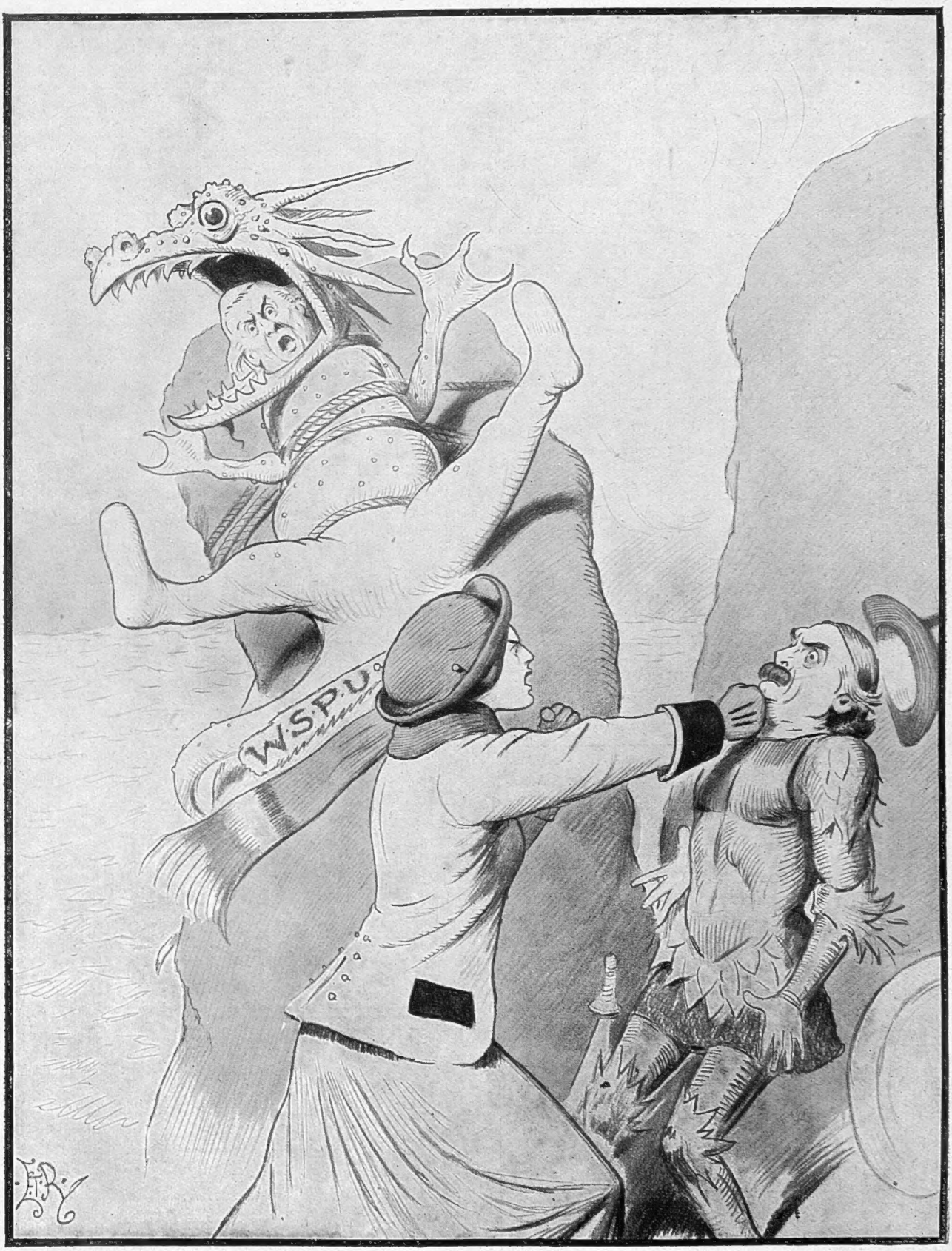
***

"Rosenkavalier"—A Non-Criticism

I have just been wading through the criticisms in our wonderful London Press of the *Rosenkavalier*. They discuss at length the story of the opera, the morals of it, the "cuts," and indulge in technical

Mythology Gone Wrong. By E. T. Reed

The Suffragettes are once again venting their fury on the people who have been trying to help them



ASQUITH *(from within)*: "Here! Hi!! Somebody!!! *I'm not Andromeda, I'm the Dragon!* And they've gone and tied *me* down, and there's that wretched Andromeda hammering Perseus like one o'clock!!"

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niceties about the music, and contrive between them to place the whole affair in the light of something exclusively "special," something for the superior to split hairs about, and caviare to the general. Not one of them has told the plain truth, and said that *Rosenkavalier* is a thoroughly enjoyable, popular musical entertainment, that the story is not one that you need know more about than is necessary to follow the action, and that the music is tuneful, sweet, and catchy, and sends you away jolly and contented, though you don't know a crotchet from a quaver.

***

The Next Thing?

The performance of a new composition twice at the same concert is a practice I hope will not spread to the stage. The prospect of Mr. Shaw's next playlet constituting in itself a Triple Bill is alarming.

***

Plays on Parents

London's newest play, Miss Unger's *Son and Heir*, deals with the now familiar "family" theme, and once again the ogre of the piece is the father. Parenthood is having a precious poor time of it at the hands of the up-to-date dramatist. In none of Mr. Shaw's plays does a father or a mother escape with a shred of reputation, and Mr. Barker, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Stanley Houghton have each had their smack at those whom the Commandment bade one "honour." The effect of all this is not likely to appeal to those who are concerned with the birth-rate. The responsibilities of adding to it are heavy enough as it is, but if to be a parent is also to incur the odium of the dramatic profession, things will be unbearable. There is always the chance, however, that the next of the "younger" dramatists will find it original to whitewash parents. A really thorough search will, I am sure, discover one or two of these who, by not doing their "duty," will have established a claim to popularity.

***

The Expert at Work

The following story is going the round of the Conservative clubs.

Sir Edward Grey was seated, very disconsolate, at his desk in the Foreign Office shortly after a meeting with the Balkan Peace delegates. Enter Mr. Lloyd George.

"Hullo, Grey. Looking very down in the mouth. What's the matter?"

"Well, something very awkward. I've—er—missed my gold watch. Family heirloom, you know."

Ll. G.: "Dear, dear! I *am* sorry. . . . Who was sitting next to you at the Conference?"

[Sir Edward tells him the name of the delegate, which must be suppressed.]

Ll. G.: "That's bad. Well, I'll do my best to get it back for you. Wait here."

In the course of an hour Mr. George returns. Places the watch on the table, to the intense delight of his colleague.

Sir Edward: "Whatever did he say when you asked him for it?"

Ll. G. (*smiling*): "Ask him for it? My dear fellow, you don't suppose he *knows* I've got it?"

[It is, of course, necessary here to tender my most abject apologies to all concerned for giving publicity to a story that has no foundation in fact.]

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Mr. Plowden

Mr. Plowden confided to an audience of working men last week his private impressions of the two clubs to which he belongs. One of these, he said, was informal and interesting, but the other was "a terribly dull place," which had been described as "like the country house of a duke with the duke lying dead upstairs." I wonder which of the score or so of clubs to which the latter applies happens to be meant by Mr. Plowden?

ANOTHER LOSS TO ULSTER

The late Colonel J. M. M'Calmont, M.P., who died at his Irish residence, Magheramorne, Co. Antrim, on Sunday, sat as Unionist Member for East Antrim continuously since 1885. He was a keen sportsman, and held a nomination for the Waterloo Cup, which now becomes void. Another by-election follows Colonel M'Calmont's death, but in the face of the large Unionist majority (2,351) at the last contested election, it is believed that the Conservative candidate will be returned unopposed

Photograph *Sport and General*

SCOTLAND'S PREMIER EARL

The Earl of Crawford, who died last week, was one of the most accomplished members of the peerage, and made a name for himself as a man of science, as an explorer, as a sportsman, and as a collector. He sat in Parliament from 1874-80 as Member for Wigan. The late Earl is succeeded by his son, Lord Balcarres, M.P., Chief Unionist Whip, which will necessitate a by-election in the Chorley Division

On Being Born in the Purple

Royal Jealousy

The Prince of Wales wants to go back to sea again, since the cruise that Prince Albert is taking on the *Cumberland* fills him with envy. There is more than a little jealousy between the two Princes with regard to their respective progress in the Navy, and at times the Heir-Apparent is disposed to regret that he was born the eldest of his family.

* * *

The Prince and Sport

The statement that the Prince of Wales will attend his first Ascot this summer may be placed in the same doubtful category as a hundred-and-one other forecasts of his forthcoming plunges into worldly dissipation. At present his attentions remain confined to the more boyish sports, such as "Soccer," at which he has been doing quite well for Magdalen second team, not to mention running with the beagles, which, as I hear on the best possible authority, is his favourite amusement of all, because it is about the only one he can indulge in without being gaped at by the crowd.

* * *

Princess Desires Freedom

Princess Mary, only daughter of the King and Queen, is engaged at the moment in the futile task of "kicking against the pricks." She desires to be allowed to lead the life of an ordinary girl of her own age, and rather resents the strict watch and ward that is now kept over her. She has recently begged to go to a boarding school for a year or two, but this has been most sternly refused. Small wonder that "philosophers may sing of the troubles of a king"—and being born in the purple generally.

* * *

Governor-General Wanted

Lord Kitchener says, in effect, that he will be "blowed" if he goes to Canada as successor to the Duke of Connaught. Therefore, if the Duke, as seems likely, should decide to retire this spring, it is more than probable that he will be followed at Government House, Ottawa, either by Mr. Harcourt or Field-Marshal Lord Nicholson, of Roundhay. The betting at the moment is strongly on the chances of the former.

* * *

WITH THE MEYNELL HUNT AT SPREAD EAGLE, WELLINGTON

Lady Cole, who, if we may judge by appearances, is as well qualified to vote as any man alive

Concerning Our Navy

I wonder why none of our fleet are going to be sent out to Spain this year? I also gather that, the Australian Navy being now in commission, all the English ships are being recalled from out there to come home to our English coasts again. Talking of naval things reminds me that no gunnery exercises are allowed to take place at present, until the Admiralty decide whether they will accept Sir Percy Scott's method of "Director Firing" or not! I wonder how Sir Percy Scott is feeling about this?

* * *

A Hunt Ball

There were great doings up in Leicestershire last week, and many distinguished house-parties were formed in the neighbourhood for the Melton and the Market Harborough Hunt Balls. It is no exaggeration to state that the Melton Ball was the smartest of the season, and a most distinguished crowd were to be seen there. The ballroom was well decorated in Empire style, with varied shades of green, and a special parquet floor had been laid down. There were about 400 guests present, and some wore very beautiful dresses. Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton was patroness of the ball, and Col. W. A. Lawson superintended all the arrangements.

* * *

FAMOUS HUNTSMAN DEAD

Tom Isaak, the famous huntsman to the Cottesmore Hounds, died at Harrogate last week from blood-poisoning. Our photograph shows Tom Isaak (on horseback) with his pack, and on the right is seen Lord Lonsdale

Concerning Hunting

I regret to hear that Lord Harrington was taken suddenly ill whilst out hunting with his own hounds last week, and had to be taken back to Elvaston Castle in a motor-car. Talking of hunting, I wonder who will be the Master of Foxhounds in the Cottesmore country next season? General Brocklehurst, the present Master, and a very popular sportsman, too, is determined to resign the Mastership!

Hothouse Plants and Hardy Annuals

OPPOSITE EXTREMES AMONG THE ÉLITE OF THE DOG-WORLD

THE PEKIN PALACE DOG ASSOCIATION'S SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

Left to right: Mrs. Wright, Miss Aston Cross, Miss V. Cross, Mrs. Cummings, and Mrs. Fullerton in the ring with their exhibits (and a very good name for them, too)

SIR ROBERT JARDINE'S WINTER KENNELS AT CASTLE MILK, LOCKERBIE

Sir Robert Jardine is one of the foremost owners and breeders of greyhounds in the country. He has twice won the Waterloo Cup, with Long Span and Jabberwock, whose portraits appear on page 317 of this issue

Interests of the Modern Young Person

No More Prunes and Prisms

If the *jeune fille's* intellectual and conversational high-water mark is not a dizzily lofty one, at any rate she reaches it much earlier than she used to in the Victorian era of "papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms." The flapper of fifteen will discourse to you as fluently on the demerits of actor-managers or the fascinations of some football match as her beautiful, stately, elder sister of twenty or so. And some, I believe, are interested in topics even less exhilarating though more austere. It is merely Edwardian to consider all young girls as frivolous. There has been a great change in the last five or six years.

MISS BEE ST. VINCENT FARRANT
As a Débardeur (Wharfinger)

Priceless!

A would-be up-to-date correspondent informs me that if one wishes to be really "in it" one should avoid, like the plague, such expressions as "topping" or "ripping." They are dead. The word of the moment is "priceless," which has got even into Mr. Garvin's articles. Since receiving this I have investigated the matter, and am assured that "priceless," *having* got into Mr. Garvin's articles, is doomed. To express real enthusiasm for anything now, you should describe it as "speechless."

* * *

Waltzed Out

At last the great middle-class organ (the *Telegraph*) has opened its columns to an attack upon the up-to-date dance, and an appeal is being made to revert (with the approval of Her Majesty the Queen) to the decorous decency of the waltz. Being beyond the age at which it is possible to learn "glides" and such things, I am entirely with the *Telegraph's* correspondent. But I doubt whether the Young Person of to-day is amenable to middle-aged and middle-class influence. Truth to tell, the younger generation has waltzed itself out, and whatever the fate of Rag-time, there will never be a whole-hearted return to three-four.

MISS FELICITY AND MISS IRIS TREE
As Early Victorian Pierrots

THE CULT OF THE TROUSER

The Annual Artists' Costume Ball, which took place last week at Prince's Galleries, evidences—so we are credibly informed—more thought and more taste than any other dance of the kind. The result, to judge by the photographs submitted to us, is that all the ladies abandon the skirt for the more primitive trouser

MR. F. LEVISON (right) & MISS LEVISON
As Radishes

* * *

Fancy Dress

While it is evident that there is a reaction against the enormous fancy-dress balls, and especially those given for charity, the smaller variety, which really have a style and some distinction of their own, are as popular as ever. The fact is that the various Bohemian sets who form the regular supporters of these entertainments, and, indeed, popularised them in England, are, as a rule, the least snobbish of people. And the announcement that their dances were to be taken up by duchesses, and boomed in the Press as "Society" functions, certainly alienated more people than it attracted. For all it meant to them was that the dances would be duller, and the prices higher. So gradually as "Society" pushed in, Bohemia slid out, and with it half the fun and vitality of the dances.

MISS DOROTHY HEAL
As an Austrian Hussar

* * *

"F. E.'s" Trap

It is revealing no secret to state that it was due to the direct intervention of Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., that the Government was put into such an unpleasant hole over the Franchise Bill. The suggestion that the Speaker should be asked for his ruling on the future of the measure

A Quartet of Débutantes

Photo Rita Martin
LADY MARIAN HASTINGS
Second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon

Photograph Lafayette
HON. HELENA COVENTRY
Elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Deerhurst and grand-daughter of the Earl of Coventry

Photograph Val l'Estrange
THE HON. PHYLLIS GOSCHEN
Elder daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Goschen

Photograph Rita Martin
THE HON. EDITH WINN
Only daughter of Lord and Lady St. Oswald

The inauguration of a new season is hall-marked by the holding of the first of the Courts on Friday of this week, when, besides the diplomatic and official presentations, a number of "buds" (as they put it in America) will make their first formal appearance before their Majesties and Society in general

Clubs and Petty Larceny

in the event of the Grey amendment being carried, was conveyed to Mr. Bonar Law on the back of an old envelope from the always annoying "Freddie."

***

The Centre of the Stage

Mr. Lloyd George, meanwhile, has been occupying his favourite position near the centre of the stage — where both bouquets and apples find their mark—and after being chosen by Mr. Harcourt for his chief panegyrics was further honoured last week by having his portrait hung on the exclusive walls of the National Liberal Club. The portrait, I hear, has *not* been secured to its place by chains, as, it is understood, is now done at certain less select clubs with portable property of value, such as sealing-wax, pens, nail-brushes, and the like. By-the-bye, I wonder if that agony-stricken statue in the entrance hall, which I have always understood to represent the Liberal Party after the khaki election, is looking any more cheerful nowadays.

***

A Delicate Matter

The question of the removal of stationery from clubs is always a delicate one. Some club members seem to make this their chief source of domestic supply, though few of them have quite the "nerve" of the wife of a certain member of a Royal Household, who recently sent out hundreds of invitations for a private party on paper obtained from her husband's office! And it's not only stationery. It is a regrettable fact that at some of the larger clubs the property of the members themselves is not always safe. At one big women's club most valuable furs and trinkets have been taken. They were just laid down for a moment, and on the owner's return they had gone—for ever.

***

Cheaper to be Robbed

You seldom hear of prosecutions in these cases. It is not at the best-run clubs that they happen, and the club officials prefer to lose a member rather than have a big scandal. And as for the victim—well, even if one has a strong suspicion, it's really better to lose your things than pay the present-day legal fees. Even the President of the Law Society admitted the other day that people were giving up going to law because of the high and ever-rising charges of counsel. That's one of the first things the economical mind of woman will reform when *she* gets control of the Bar!

Photograph *Val l'Estrange*

MISS SYNOLDA THURSBY PELHAM

Whose engagement to Sir Robert Walker, of the Coldstream Guards, is announced. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Thursby Pelham

***

A Tax on Amusements

"Let's have free trade among the girls" was the title of a music-hall song which had some popularity a year or two ago. One is reminded of it by the announcement that the next leading ladies at the Gaiety and the Shaftesbury are to be Americans. One of our "girl" plays already has a French leading lady; another a Hungarian; and the plays themselves are more often than not translated aliens. A tax on imported articles of amusement would be a more popular cry for the next election than a tax on fo——. But hush, that's all over and done with now!

***

The Dublin Jewels Again

By-the-bye, I see that the five-year-old story of the Dublin Crown jewels has been revived once more, by Mr. Ginnell, M.P., and others. But Mr. Ginnell does not know the true story. There are only about a thousand men in London to-day who do. It differs a good deal, certainly, according to the teller, but, of course, they are all "in exclusive possession of the facts." Some assure us that the jewels were restored long ago; others that they were never stolen, as it is now said was the case with the Gioconda at the Louvre. No one seems to have thought of the simplest solution of the lot—that there never were any jewels at all!

***

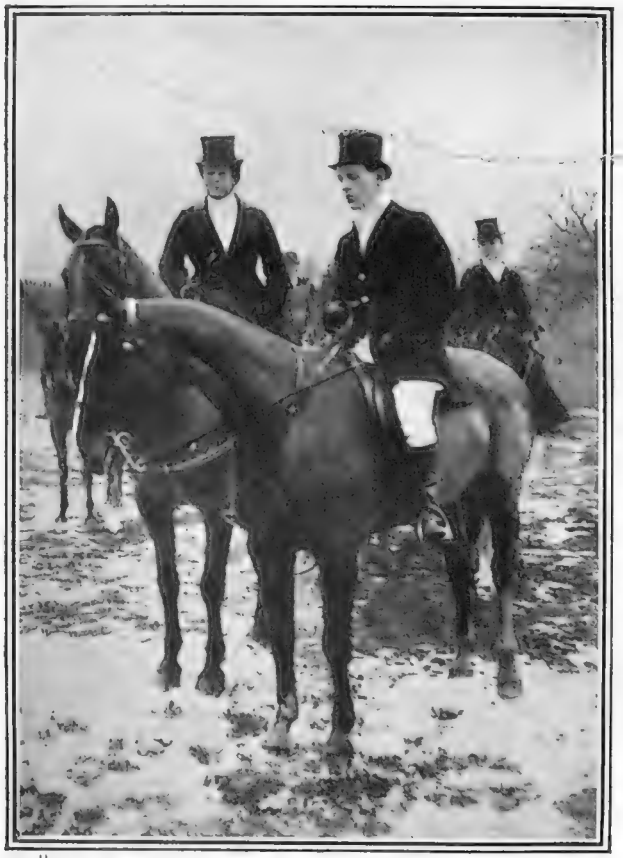
Fashionable Law-Breaking

"Doing time," preferably for Suffrage offences, is the fashionable thing now, but if you can't be imprisoned for your principles the next best thing is to be fined, as Ellen, Lady Desart was recently, for

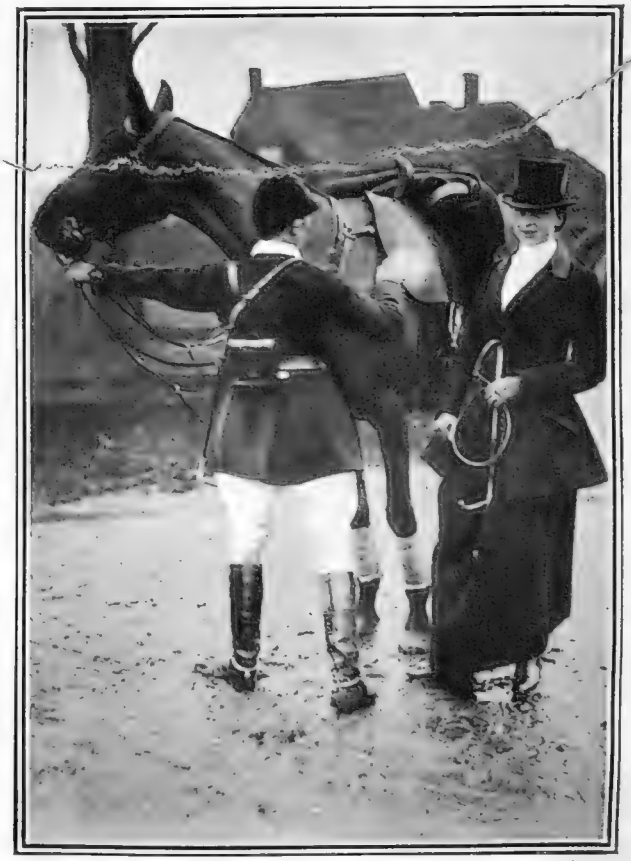
With the Atherstone and Quorn

THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON
Master of the Atherstone, attends a Meet of the hounds at Harris Bridge

FOLLOWERS OF THE QUORN
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget, of Nanpantan Hall, at a recent Meet of the Quorn at Sheepshed



Photographs
THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON
Talking to Mr. Beach, while waiting for a draw, at the Meet of the Atherstone at Harris Bridge



Topical
LADY NORAH HASTINGS
Youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Huntingdon, and an enthusiastic follower of the Atherstone, waiting while her horse is got ready

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

refusing to stamp her workmen's cards at the Kilkenny woodworks. Lady Desart, who is the sister-in-law of the present Earl, takes a great interest in the revival of Irish industries, and with her late brother-in-law, Captain Otway Cuffe, has spent some £70,000 on this movement. With much money at your command it must be quite pleasant to have inflexible principles.

***

The Queensberry Touch

Details—or, at any rate, some of them—concerning the career of Lord Alfred Douglas are beginning to be rehashed for the benefit of the ingenuous readers of the popular Press (price one penny, plain *and* coloured). That he was known as "Bosey" is now generally known, and I may add that he first "defied conventions" so long ago as his Winchester days, playing the game of football in dancing pumps. Later he married a poetess of charm, violently edited the *Academy*, sold it, and acquired a new and fervent interest in questions of religion. His present bankruptcy tends to complicate matters so far as concerns his long-awaited libel action, and one is speculating which will interest the public more, his present finances or his past friendships?

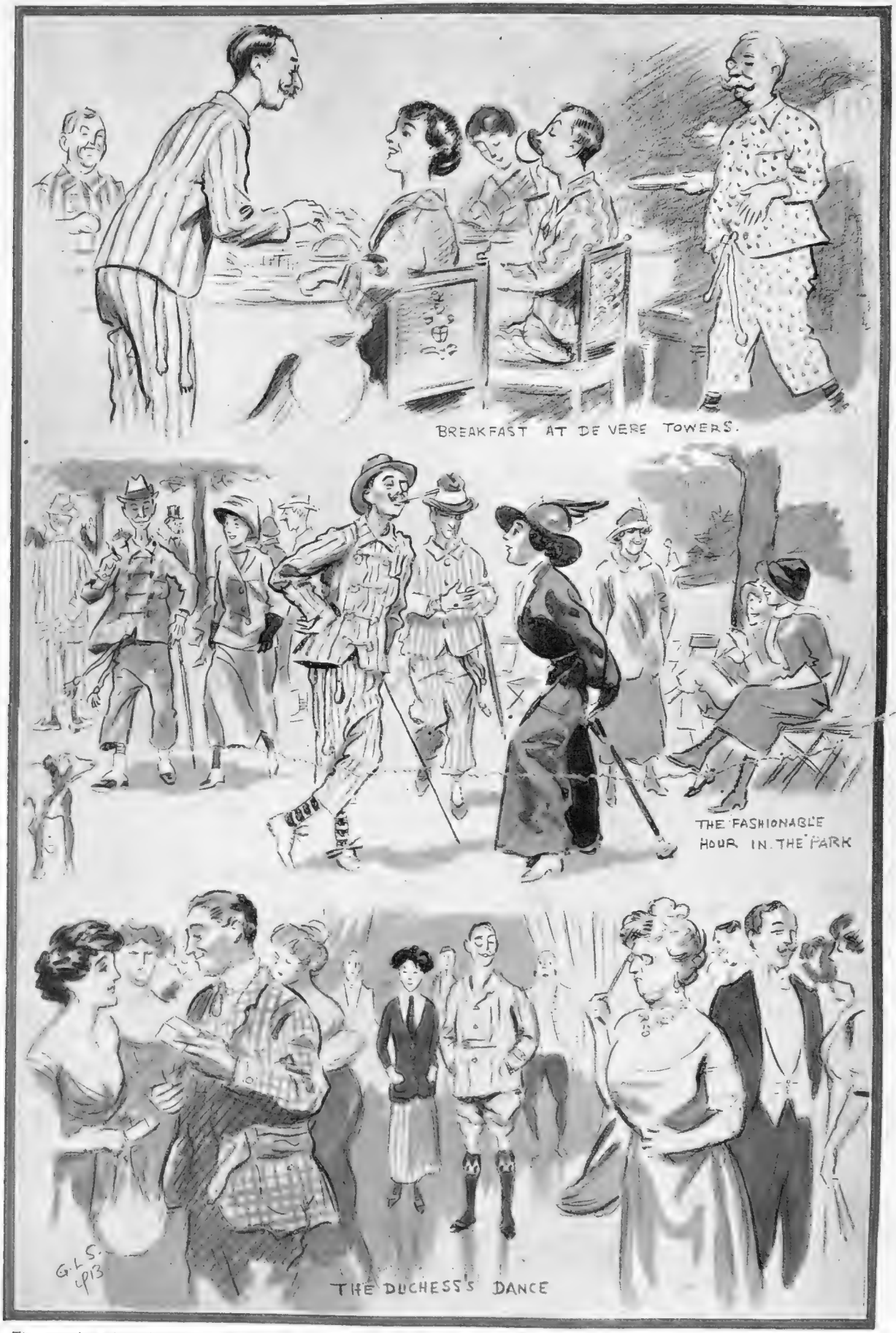
If They Had Lived in 1913!

II.—ORPHEUS PAYS A VISIT TO THE ZOO!

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Will It Lead to This?

SOCIETY'S GROWING SLACKNESS IN THE MATTER OF DRESS



The growing disinclination on the part of men to wear evening-dress is evidenced in an announcement emanating from the Savoy Theatre to the effect that "Twelfth Night" audiences need not dress. Our artist prophesies that this is only the beginning of a dress revolution. His sketches show (1) A breakfast-party in pyjamas at the De Vere Towers; (2) The Row: men in pyjamas and soft hats, women in shooting clothes; (3) The Duchess's dance: Norfolk jackets, dancing pumps brought in parcels, etc.

BY G. L. STAMPA

A New Non-Party Coalition in Sight

Photo Campbell-Gray
SIR EDWARD GREY

Photo Russell
LORD ROBERT CECIL

MR. BONAR LAW

THE "CABINETTE"

Photo Barrett
MR. A. J. BALFOUR

Photo Elliott and Fry
MR. LYTTELTON

It has been proposed that the coming Suffrage Bill shall be drafted by a non-party committee, to which the name "Cabinette" has been wittily applied. The above are pretty certain to form the nucleus of the committee, which may survive even after the fate of the Bill has been settled, and prove the forerunner of a new coalition

Photograph Elliott and Fry
MR. LLOYD GEORGE

THE Cabinette! The phrase is that of the genial P.W.W. of the *Daily News*, and is used to describe the Committee of both parties who will have in hand the drafting of the new Suffrage Bill, the real one that is really coming before Parliament. It will be a good thing to have lived to see the formation of the Cabinette. Firstly, from the point of view of the Suffragist; secondly, from that of the true patriot.

The advantage to the former is too obvious to need mention. The Bill, instead of depending on a "private" Member or on a more or less hostile Government, will be piloted through its various stages by a group of official Members of both parties who are not only themselves in favour of Suffrage, but are past-masters of Parliamentary wiles. They will have all the tricks up their sleeves, and will be a match for all opposition, fair and foul, and for all forms of obstruction.

But it is the future effect of the Cabinette that mostly "intrigues" THE BYSTANDER. Men who find themselves in agreement on the question of the Suffrage are bound by a link that is stronger than any other in present politics. You may agree with a man on Home Rule or on Free Trade, yet cordially dislike him. To agree with him on Suffrage is to be more or less in temperamental affinity with him. The man who believes in Woman Suffrage is one who believes in Woman, and men who agree in a belief in Woman are united by something that is more than a mere political bond. There will be something a little idealistic and even devotional about the union, which, once established, simply cannot help itself from being extended to other problems of the day.

I foresee that when Mr. Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Law, Mr. Lyttelton, and the rest, have done their work and carried the Bill of their drafting to whatever be its issue, they will be full of a fine desire to continue the "Cabinette," and to use it for the promotion of other generous causes besides the Suffrage. We may find the Cabinette ready to stand together in a general policy of reform based on the principles of human sympathy and affinity as against those of repression and rancour, and to *go to the country* on that programme regardless of artificial and obsolete party ties! Of course, we are optimists. But if one never hopes, it is certain one never obtains.

FLOORED! The Story of a Maudlin Muddle

(*With apologies to Tennyson*)

Girls outside Palace Yard
When twilight was falling,
"Floored, Floored, Floored, Floored,"
They were crying and calling.

What was floored? Why, their Bill;
Floored, too, their free Division,
Floored on a point of order,
Floored by the Chair's decision.

Words in the House rang
Echoing through the lobbies,
They are there, in the square
Just beyond the bobbies.

Grey took them by the hand,
Lyttelton their cause had pleaded,
And their feet had touched the threshold,
But left again unheeded.

Some cry out "Who's to blame?"
Some take the blow sedately,
"Why was this not foreseen,
And not found out just lately?"

Girls outside Palace Yard
For Lloyd George next night were crying,
"It's a fraud, fraud, fraud;
You knew it, and were lying."

I know the way they went,
Militants in wrath have risen,
For their hands have smashed the windows,
And got them all in prison.

Look, the Bill's on the floor,
And this the Cabinet's concession,
"Come back, fair Suffrage ladies, for
A Private Bill next Session."

HARFORD WORLOCK

Still Not a Happy One

[The Policeman's Life]

IMPRESSIONISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MEMBERS OF THE FORCE ENGAGED IN PROTECTING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE FURY OF THE "DISHED" SUFFRAGETTES

ROSENKAVALIER AT COVENT GARDEN

A SCENE IN "DER ROSENKAVALIER": THE MARSCHALLIN AND HER YOUNG AND FICKLE LOVER, THE HERO

Practical Genius

Of all artists in the world Richard Strauss is certainly the wisest. Not only has he a perfect genius for making contracts which by their permission to play one opera ensure two others being given as well—a feat which, so far as I know, has never been rivalled by anybody before or since—but he has an equal genius for choosing subjects that shall correspond exactly to the latest mode. *Salome* and *Elektra*, for instance, provided the late German craze for blood and horror with just the right provender. And when that craze gave place to the present hankering after decorative artificiality, lo and behold! *Der Rosenkavalier* was ready as if by magic.

Artificial Comedy

As a matter of fact, I am afraid that the word "artificiality" may give people a wrong idea of Hoffmannsthal's very clever play. It is "artificial" in the æsthetic not the conventional meaning of the word—that is to say, it definitely sets out to copy eighteenth-century technique and procedure. There is plenty of feeling in it, quite genuine so far as one can see, and some tragedy, but, nevertheless, the dominant atmosphere is one of intrigue, not of seriousness. The fact is that Strauss wanted to write a "Cosi Fan Tutte" all of his own as a reaction against the heavy romanticism of Wagner, and Hoffmannsthal has provided him with a libretto that is at least as good as Da Ponte's.

Music and Words

Now, in comic opera—for it is as this, of course, that *Der Rosenkavalier* must be considered—music plays a rather different part from what it plays in grand opera, or even music-drama. It has to take the importance of the words more closely into consideration, because the plot is usually of more importance. That this should not be so in the case of music-drama must be at once admitted, but also that it *is* so in practice. In short, the music of music-drama is generally more capable of standing alone, and whether the audience understands the words or not matters very little to anybody except the theorist. Now, in many parts of *Der Rosenkavalier*, Strauss has set the words in such a manner that anybody can hear them—particularly when the quite excellent traditions of modern German diction are observed. But in others he has not, mainly because the orchestra is too large for anything but the bull of Bashan to be heard above it. You may regard this as a fault of construction if you like and condemn the whole work on that account, or you may, more reasonably, as I think, maintain that the sheer beauty or effectiveness of some of these passages more than counterbalances such a trifling defect.

Conflict of Styles

A more serious objection to the opera seems to me to be that the music is not really of the same style as the libretto. There is nothing peculiarly elegant about it. Indeed, it is inclined to heaviness. Far from giving the impression of Vienna aping the manners of Versailles, it suggests Vienna being as Pan-German as even the modern Austrian Imperialist could wish. For my part, at any rate, I can find no trace of Latinity in the score, much less that peculiarly Latin refinement which characterised the period of powder and patches. I cannot help thinking, again, that such an effect might more readily have been produced by a smaller orchestra. But all this is theory, and will, doubtless, matter very little to the ordinary person who goes to Covent Garden to enjoy an evening's music.

Some Beautiful Music

And that he will certainly do, for *Der Rosenkavalier* contains some of the most lovely music Strauss has ever written. In spite of its Mendelssohnism, the soliloquy of Marie Thérèse in the first act is very beautiful and full of pathos. Equally good is the entrance of Octavian in the second act, while the

trio of the three ladies at the end is, perhaps, the most lovely piece of concerted music written since the quintet in the *Meistersinger*. I have now heard the opera five times, and, viewed as pure music, these portions still seem to me by far the best. That there is a lot more to say about the score, both by way of criticism and praise, hardly needs stating. For instance, it would be interesting to discuss whether the opera would not end more advantageously after the trio, whether the Italian tenor ought not to be a *castrato*, but THE BYSTANDER is (in size) a small paper, and if Art, as we all know, is very long, Art-Criticism is even longer.

At Covent Garden

It is difficult to give any fair account of the performance at Covent Garden because, owing to the exigencies of "going to press," I was only able to see the dress-rehearsal. Immediately to be confronted, for instance, by the mutual endearments of two very mature ladies with peculiar German blouses is not exactly encouraging. But even under these most disadvantageous conditions, Fraülein Siems's performance as the Marschallin is quite wonderful, not only vocally but intellectually. Herr Knupfer, also, as the Baron von Lerchenan, was excellent, but his humour is, perhaps, a little too German to appeal fully to English tastes. About Fraülein von der Osten I prefer to say nothing. The whole point of Octavian is how "he" appears in boy's clothes. As to Mr. Beecham's part in the performance, one thing at least is obvious—he has improved enormously since his last season at Covent Garden. But he has yet to learn how to make a pianissimo. Nor can I believe that with such magnificent material as he has in his orchestra this feat should be difficult of accomplishment. For of the three orchestras I have heard in the opera Mr. Beecham's is—potentially, at any rate—by far the best.

FRANCIS TOYE

FRAÜLEIN VON DER OSTEN AS OCTAVIAN
The Rose-Cavalier himself

FRAÜLEIN SIEMS AS THE MARSCHALLIN
The very human fairy godmother who provides the necessary happy ending

HERR BRODERSEN AS FANINAL
The wealthy parvenu, who wants his daughter to marry into the aristocracy

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Prince of Wales's, Playhouse, and Palace

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"ESTHER CASTWAYS"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE

MISS MARIE TEMPEST, in her new production, has abandoned her customary rôle of the frivolous and irresponsible creature who ends by winning the hero's love by the overwhelming force of her high spirits and practical common sense. As Esther Castways she appears as that rather depressing phenomenon, the Wronged Wife, and though she is as entertaining as her part allows her to be, I confess I prefer this charming little lady in her less serious moods. Philip Castways is a prosperous New York lawyer; but the real work of his life is an effort to ameliorate the conditions under which young children work in the factories of the United States.

Esther, who has been a child-worker in a factory herself, naturally does all in her power to encourage her husband to do his best in so laudable a work, and is under the impression that it is the labour of love which occupies all his spare time. In this, however, she is mistaken. At an early stage of the proceedings she receives a visit from a fanatical supporter of her husband, who claims that Castways is no longer fitted to represent the Cause. It appears that some busybody has found out that he is paying more attention than he should to a fascinating widow named Jocelyn Penbury, and if this appalling fact should get to the ears of the representatives of the vested interests that are opposing the projected legislation, the Cause will totter on its base, or words to that effect.

In the third act we find ourselves (figuratively speaking, of course) in the widow's bedroom, in the corner of which a large double-bed speaks for itself. The fair but frail Jocelyn has just had time to put on a fascinating dressing-gown when the door of her flat is opened, and there appears before her, not the gentleman she is expecting, but Esther Castways. Esther has come to ask Jocelyn to consider her delicate (or is it indelicate?) position in its relation to the Cause of the factory children. Esther is ready, for the sake of the Cause, to divorce her husband (they order these things better in America!), so that he may marry Jocelyn and save his reputation in the eyes of his supporters; and Jocelyn, not to be outdone in generosity, agrees to discontinue her relations with Castways at once. She gives Esther all the letters the naughty man has written to her, and goes away to sleep at another flat, which, for reasons that I have no right t

Sketches at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

MAX AT A MUSIC-HALL

inquire into, she rents in the same neighbourhood.

So far it cannot, I think, be said that things have been very lively; but in the middle of the third act comes the surprise of the evening. In the first act we were introduced to John Farrington, who seemed an amiable young man of means with a weakness for handing out crude philosophy at ladies' tea-parties. In the third act, with a *volte-face* which, like the young lady's proposal of marriage, is so sudden, John abruptly becomes the villain of the piece. All in a hurry, as if it has only just been thought of, the great plot is revealed to us.

John requires Esther to give him the letters written by her husband to the fascinating widow. He knows she has them in her handbag, but he would not be so ungentlemanly as to try and take them from her by force. He would like Esther to give him the letters of her own accord, so that he can use them for the purpose of ruining her husband. Just that. As the poet has said, it takes all sorts to make a world. If Esther should refuse to give up the letters for this benevolent purpose—and upon my word I should not be surprised at such a refusal—then John will keep her in the flat till the morning, and announce to the world that they have spent the night in each other's company. And to think that such a person is too much of a real gentleman to snatch from a lady's hand within his reach the letters that she declines to give him of her own accord. Esther's idea is that she will take the risk of staying where she is, and thus give her husband the chance of divorcing her—for the sake of the little ones in the factory. It seems that the world will forgive Philip Castways his lapse more readily if it knows that his wife drove him from her arms by her own inconstancy. It all comes right in the end, of course; and I feel sure that everybody lives happily ever afterwards. Miss Marie Tempest is all that we expect of her, which is saying a great deal; but she is somewhat handicapped by the hesitating touch with which the author has drawn his characters.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AT THE PALACE

For his first appearance in Vaudeville—which is, I presume, the polite way of speaking of "the Halls"—Sir George Alexander has chosen a mild little play by Max Beerbohm. Sir George is a young man of means named Tommy Dixon, in whose sitting-room the action of the piece takes place. A number of Tommy's friends have joined him in a little game of poker, and after he has remarked that this evening he finds it quite impossible to lose, one of the guests points out with some heat that there seem to be five aces on the table—a detail which, as everyone knows, is always a disturbing factor in any well-regulated card game. Tommy thereupon observes that he may as well be frank about it; and he accordingly draws from his sleeves and the lining of his waistcoat a number of additional aces, his reserve supply for emergencies.

Naturally enough, the guests are shocked beyond words. They all hurry away, shaking the dust of Tommy's flat from their feet; but presently one of them thinks better of it and comes back again. To him Tommy explains that the attempt at cheating was a carefully laid plan to have himself shunned by smart Society. He finds he cannot live his life as he wants to live it. There is always a lunch here or a dinner-party there; and though he has tried to shock his friends by wearing unfashionable clothes, and even by taking too much to drink at a fashionable reception, there has always been someone ready to say that boys will be boys, or something of that sort, and the pestering round of social invitations has been at once resumed.

Sir George Alexander is making his first appearance in Vaudeville at the Palace as Tommy Dixon in "A Social Success" by Max Beerbohm, a sketch in which the witty author is seen to moderate advantage

CYRIL MAUDE'S NEW RÔLE

Now, however, it must be clear that Society will have nothing more to do with him. Indeed, in taking leave of him, the Earl of Amersham and his Countess will not even use the lift for fear of placing themselves under an obligation to a miserable card-sharper; and the Earl does not hesitate to threaten Tommy with expulsion from his very exclusive club. So far the idea is original enough; but I suppose it is because of our familiarity with the tricks of the trade that we feel no great thrill of surprise when presently the guests who have denounced Tommy come back, and express regret for having spoken harshly in the heat of the moment, as, after all, everybody knows there are worse things than card-sharping done every day in Society, and if Tommy will only agree not to do it again all shall be forgotten and forgiven, and the invitations to lunch and dinner will pour in on him just as thickly as ever.

Mr. Beerbohm leaves his story at that, though one wonders why he did not at least foreshadow the kind of crime that a popular man must commit before he can be really called outside the pale. I do not like to think that Mr. Beerbohm's silence is an implication that there is no crime sufficiently great for the purpose. The story is narrated in quite a simple manner, in spite of the fact that it would seem to lend itself quite freely to those pleasing little outbreaks of epigram and wit of which Mr. Beerbohm is a master; and, as we all know, the Smart Set can always appreciate quite keenly a good joke against themselves provided it is witty as well as scathing.

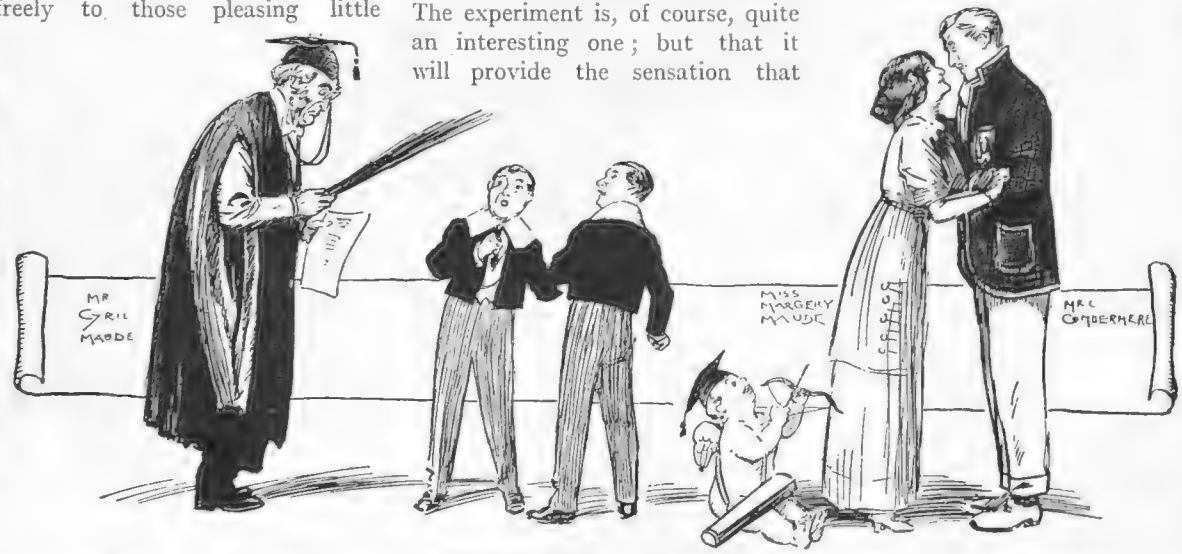
At the Playhouse

Sir George Alexander has very little to do except to tell the story as it is given to him, and he achieves the task of looking like a young man of thirty or so with amazing success. The experiment is, of course, quite an interesting one; but that it will provide the sensation that Mr. Alfred Butt is looking for just now I should not like to affirm.

"THE HEADMASTER" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Mr. Cyril Maude has found a play that should please everybody—if such a thing is possible. The part of the Rev. Cuthbert Sanctuary is a notable addition to Mr. Maude's already remarkable *répertoire*, and it offers every desirable opportunity for quaint and delightful humour. We have the "Head," who is so careless about his papers that when a couple of boys are brought before him he cannot tell off-hand whether they have come to be birched—or to be prepared for confirmation! Then in the effort to promote, in the goodness of his heart, the love affairs of somebody else, he gets himself entangled with a strong-minded widow, from which disaster there seems no way of escape. It is all very light and very dainty; and if it has any fault at all, it is that the change from humour to pathos is sometimes rather awkwardly abrupt. But the charm of the play is undeniable. Mr. Maude is seconded very ably indeed by Miss Margery Maude, who makes the most of a part which is quite a happy piece of character-drawing.

JINGLE



Sketched at the Playhouse by Norman Morrow

Quite Un-Nun-like!

THE FORMER HEROINE OF "THE MIRACLE" IN A DIFFERENT RÔLE

Photograph *Dambuyant*

MADEMOISELLE TROUHANOWA

Who is now appearing at the Alhambra, was first introduced to us in "The Miracle." She has, perhaps, never done herself full justice in London, but in Paris she gives some exceedingly interesting dance-programmes with music by Debussy, Ravel, Dukas, etc.

Anglophilism in the German Navy!

REMARKABLE EVIDENCE OF FRIENDLY FEELING BETWEEN MEN WHO EXPECT SOON TO BE ANTAGONISTS

[*In view of the renewed tension between the Triple Alliance and the Entente, the effect of which may be to revive Anglo-German naval rivalry, it is interesting to record here the remarkable experience of a British naval officer, in which some startling and welcome evidence is given as to the* true *state of feeling existing between the personnel of the German and British navies.*—Ed.]

"FOR many years past I have been serving almost everywhere east of Suez as far as Tientsin, our farthest eastern station. During that time I have had exceptionally numerous opportunities of meeting German naval vessels and German naval officers passing to and from their Pacific possessions, or Kiaochao, which is practically their terminus in the Far East.

"I remember sitting one night over smokes and drinks with a pleasant party of German officers, who were going out to the Far East for the first time. They were firing off numerous questions at me about this place and that, with which I was familiar, and were especially keen about the sport and social life available.

"Among the pleasures of anticipation they were experiencing was, they assured me, the prospect of meeting the English and English officers. For their own people they, apparently, had no use whatever. 'Heaven deliver us from any of our Germans,' they said; 'we want to meet the English and the English officers, and then we shall have some sport.'

"I told them that our fellows would be delighted to come across them and give them a good time. They laughed in high good humour, and said they knew that because some of their comrades, who had foregathered with us at certain of our foreign stations, had told them what 'good fellows' we were, and what they might expect if they had the same opportunity of meeting us.

"They seemed to think that their future happiness in Eastern waters entirely depended on their chances of getting as much English society as possible while they stayed there. One of them laughingly declared it was well known that their Crown Prince would go straight back to India if Herr Papa would let him.

"It was all very amusing and delightful, but even more characteristic of the freemasonry of fighting men all the world over were the subsequent remarks on the rival merits of our respective navies. These genial German sailor-men were all practically convinced that war between our two countries was a fair enough certainty of the future. They laughingly drank my very good health and prosperity, but they considered that our fleets were pretty sure to be hammering at one another one day.

"'Yes,' nodded the senior man, 'and you will beat us, you will beat us, but you will have a hard fight, a very hard fight, and your navy will be much weakened, for we are very much stronger and more efficient than you imagine.' 'Well,' laughed another, 'we can still be very good friends, even if we have to knock one another to bits.'

"Here was certainly the true spirit of chivalry, and it is pre-eminently the distinguishing feature of the German naval man. As far as I could gather from my sailor-friends, their navy is practically Anglophile and their army Anglophobe. This difference between the two services finds a yet further divergence in the extraordinary lack of cordiality between them. Formerly the army affected to regard the naval men with supreme contempt. Now positions are reversed, and, outside their official connection, naval men will have nothing whatever to do with men of the sister service. In fact, German friends have assured me that German naval officers would refuse, and have actually done so, to sit down in the same restaurant with officers of their army.

"But even the Anglophobia of the German Army seems to succumb to the extra geniality of influences east of Suez. I have served with German soldiers at Tientsin, and have found them as keen for English society as their comrades of the navy, and quite a number of them stationed in the East, notably at Kiaochao, are married to English girls.

"If European Chancelleries are really anxious for peace on earth and goodwill towards man they should take a lesson from our model little community at Tientsin. This is composed of nearly all the nations of Europe, with the addition of United States troops and Japanese. If the world could get along together as well as all do in that North China station there would, indeed, be no more war.

"Indeed, it would be safe to say that there are no better or closer friendships existing than between the British, French, and German contingents at Tientsin. They meet and fraternise at one another's clubs, their wives and children exchange constant visits, and the suggestion that any of us could possibly regard the other with hostile feelings would be banned as preposterous."

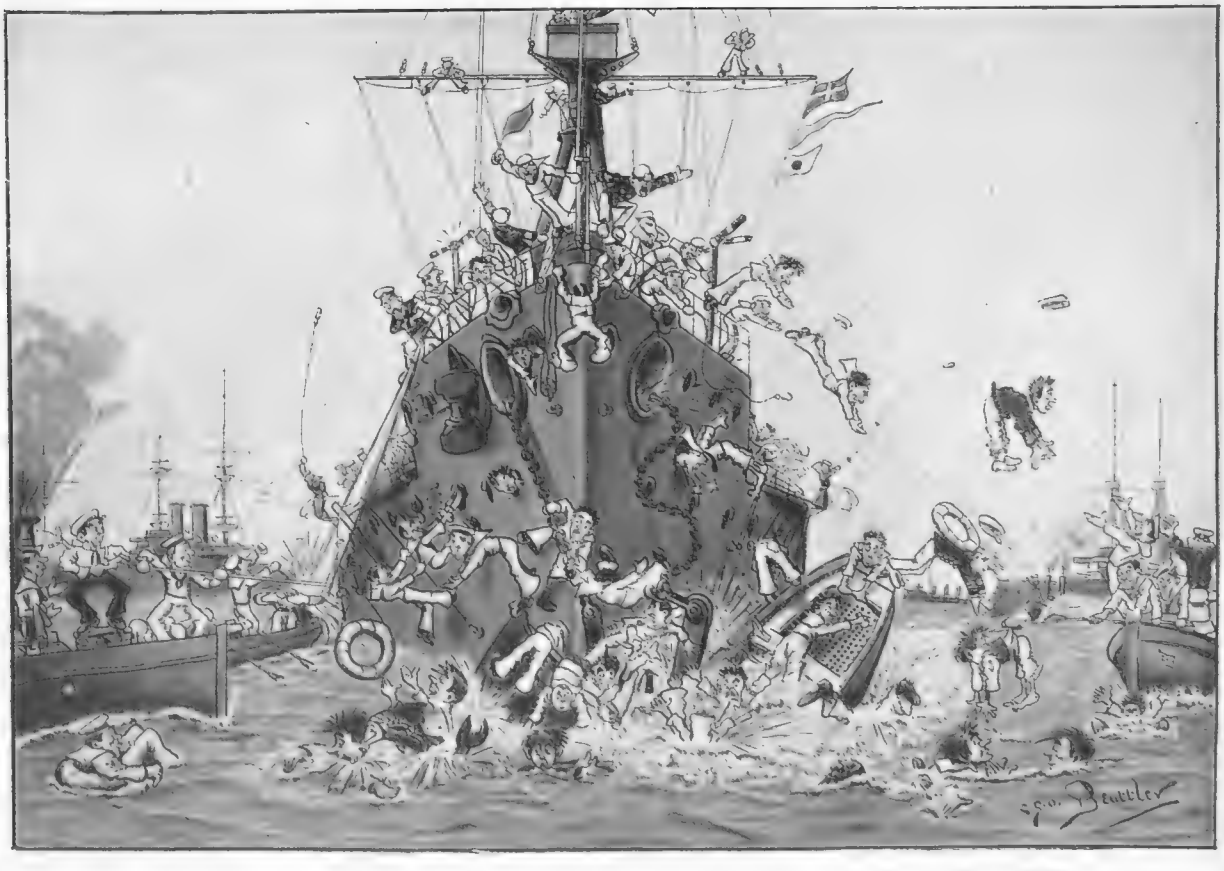
Such evidence as the above provides an eloquent object-lesson demonstrating the inherent good-fellowship of human nature when left to itself. It goes without saying, of course, that it must have a foundation in mutual respect, but it seems wholly deplorable that the possibility of such excellent relations on a large scale in Europe should continually be jeopardised by the poisonous influence of political and dynastic ambitions.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be blinded to the fact that these latter are, as yet, unfortunately, in the ascendant. And no amount of private friendship and goodwill can safely be regarded as a sufficient substitute for a careful and assiduous preparation against the sudden activity of hostile political and national interests.

For Winston's "Invalid" Eye

DAILY DISASTERS IN THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE

SATURDAY MORNING ROUTINE: "CLEAN SHIP" ON A DREADNOUGHT CRUISER



A LITTLE ACCIDENT IN MOORING A DREADNOUGHT (BOW VIEW)

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.R.

THEIR EVICTED

No Sydney Home for the

Photograph Thomson

LADY DENMAN
Wife of the Governor-General of Australia

THE CROWD WAITING FOR THE PREMIER TO OPEN THE G
LORD DENMAN WAS "EVICTED" LAST OCTOBER, TO ENABLE TH

Photographs

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY, UNTIL RECENTLY ONE OF THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCES OF LORD DENMAN

Australian public opinion has been very much upset by the way in which the representatives of the King, Lord and Lady Denman, have been treated. The Governor-General and his wife were "evicted" last October from the Government House, Sydney, on the pretext that the building was required by the State Government for administrative purposes. The real reason for the "eviction," however, it is suggested, was the desire of the New South Wales Labour Ministry to "get even" with the Federal Government on a question of policy, which, of course, had nothing whatever to do with Lord Denman or his residence.

E GATES OF THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE FROM WHICH
THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT TO TURN IT INTO A MUSEUM

EXCELLENCIES

Australian Governor-General

Photograph
Thomson

LORD DENMAN
Governor-General of
Australia

Casserly

AFTER THE OPENING CEREMONY: THE PUBLIC GOING TO INSPECT THE HOUSE

The discourtesy shown to Lord and Lady Denman occasioned several indignation meetings to be held by the people of New South Wales, to whom Lord Denman issued a farewell message before proceeding to the other official residence at Melbourne amid a great demonstration of loyalty. The Lord Mayor of Sydney presented Lord Denman with an address on behalf of the citizens expressing his regret at what he declared an outrage on the national hospitality. Government House was finally thrown open to the public on December 14, and our three large photographs depict episodes prior to and after the openirg ceremony

An Artist's "Deal" with King George

OVER SOME PAINTINGS OF ROYAL-OWNED RACEHORSES

A STORY comes from a BYSTANDER reader in Paris which exemplifies the genuine interest which King George takes in the Turf, no less than his promptness in business dealings. A Russian artist, M. Georges de Swertchkoff, went to Paris recently and succeeded in obtaining some commissions to paint horses. Among his canvases were paintings of those famous sires, Persimmon and Florizel II. They were large originals, smaller copies of which he had sold some years ago to King Edward.

KING EDWARD'S FAMOUS FLORIZEL II.
Painted by M. de Swertchkoff, a copy of which was purchased by King Edward

Somewhat diffidently M. de Swertchkoff asked an English friend whether he thought King George would be likely to purchase his portraits. The friend promptly advised the artist to try his luck, and himself drafted the letter to Buckingham Palace. By return of post came the command to forward the pictures. A week after the despatch of the canvases M. de Swertchkoff received a handsome offer from King George, and accepting it he received the cheque by the next return of post.

But M. de Swertchkoff is quite a past-master of three very varied accomplishments — animal painting, steeplechasing, and the piano. A decade ago he was one of the most famous gentleman jockeys in Russia. M. de Swertchkoff hopes to be able to obtain some commissions in England shortly.

PERSIMMON
The famous Royal Derby winner, painted by M. de Swertchkoff

Photograph *Electra*
M. DE SWERTCHKOFF
A well-known Russian animal painter, only pupil of his father, a celebrated artist who was "persona grata" at the Imperial Court

The Bystander in PARIS

THE PERSONALITY OF MONSIEUR POINCARÉ

Two Presidents

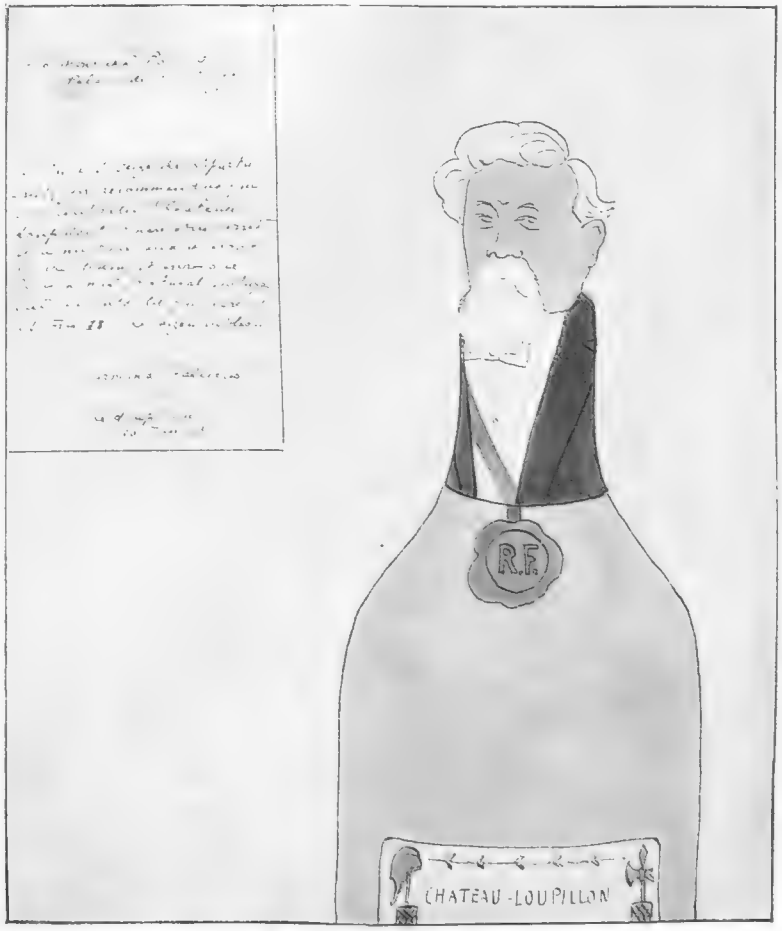
For some reason, Paris just now is making me think of *The Gondoliers*. I mean the comic opera, you know, not the modern gentlemen who take your luggage and yourself to the hotel from the railway station, which ubiquitous Germans insist on calling Venedig, and which we call Venice with just the same absurdity. For we in Paris have two Presidents just now, one of whom is getting used to his job while the other one is preparing himself to do as comfortably as he can without it. I daresay in a week or two, when Madame Fallières looks into Armand's nice new study in the Rue François Premier, and brings another little bill for him to settle, that he will pay it or will suggest that "the man had better call again, my dear," with a sigh of regret for the fifteen crisp forty-pound notes of the Bank of France which will be placed on Monsieur Raymond Poincaré's study table on March 1. But Armand will have forgotten little things like that before long, and his new life has its compensations. Now it is Monsieur Poincaré to whom the weight of living in the limelight rolls. I fancy that we are all going to like the little man immensely. He is so curiously and so essentially one of those middle-class Frenchmen who have made the country what it is.

M. Poincaré at the Theatre

Raymond and I, and Mrs. Raymond too, were guests of Doctor Abel Deval at the Théâtre Marigny the other evening. It was quite an occasion. Doctor Deval, who left off being a doctor to become an actor, and after playing *Rembrandt* and *Les Demi-Vierges* (with Jane Hading) at the Athénée devoted his attention exclusively to management, and did very well at it, had provided nice little bunches of violets for all the ladies in the audience, had tittivated his fine new theatre in the Champs Elysées till you wouldn't have known it, and had provided comfortable seats for Raymond, his other guests, and myself. I hope Monsieur and Madame Poincaré were not jealous. Deval had given me a capital seat in the third row of stalls, and I am sure I saw much better than the Poincarés did in their box. We got into the theatre about the same time, the Poincarés, Marcel Prévost, and I, and although the play had begun, the audience stood up and cheered for several minutes. It was nice of them, but a little embarrassing. Poincaré looked a little uncomfortable, Madame Poincaré blushed, and I'm nearly sure I did. Nothing, of course, would upset Marcel Prévost's impeccable parting or his equally impeccable equanimity.

A Good Impression

And now to talk seriously. You can see a good deal and form a pretty good opinion of a man during nearly four hours of constant companionship. I saw quite a good deal of Monsieur Poincaré, his wife, and his ways that evening at the Théâtre Marigny, and what I saw impressed and pleased me. Raymond Poincaré, whom everybody is calling Monsieur le Président de la République already, is a man who—well, he's a man who is manly. There is something very pleasing in his quiet, virile simplicity. The new President will be Grand Master of the Order of the Legion of Honour on February 18, and will wear a big broad red ribbon across his shirt front—which will be quite economical for the washing bill, won't it, till he gets used to spending those fifteen thousand franc notes every month? At present he has not the right to wear any decoration at all, and when you remember that Poincaré has been one of the prominent members of the Paris Bar for years, that he has been in Parliament for over a quarter of a century, where any man can have a decoration for the asking, that he has been Prime Minister and could have had anything he liked in the decorative line if he had wanted to, his simplicity stands up rather strongly.



A FAREWELL REMINDER

President Fallières (whose private interest is wine-growing) leaves his successor a little hint of what should be drunk henceforth at the Elysée

(By X. Marcel Boulestin)

The New President's Democracy— But fuss and frills and flummery are quite foreign to this man's nature. He dresses in good clothes and very quietly. He chats as readily with the *ouvreuse* as he chats with his Ministers, and his conversation is made up very largely of questions. He was very interested in the play, and showed it. He was in the theatre not to be seen, but to see. He took every point, and when he liked one he applauded it heartily. Paris is going to like Raymond Poincaré. The manner of this first appearance of his at the theatre since his election showed to the Paris which will go about and mention it, Raymond Poincaré's intention of remaining one of the people whom he has been called to govern. Until now it has been as difficult to break through the hedge of officialdom which surrounds the President of the Republic as to get into the King's room in a monarchical country and have a chat with him. I have an idea that Monsieur Poincaré is going to do away with that. He likes talking to people, and still more does he like listening to people. He wants to know as nearly at first hand as possible what everybody worth listening to (and he considers most people worth listening to) has to say about everything.

—And Popularity He is not going to let himself be made a Veiled Lama, and by mixing with the people he is going to find out what they want and give it them when he can do so. I fancy that this stubby, square-shouldered, square-toed little man from Bar le Duc, where the French jams come from, is going to be the best President of the Republic France has ever known. Parisians think so too. They cheer him to the echo whenever they can get at him, and the other day when a girl nearly put his eye out with a bunch of violets, he picked it up, stuck it in his buttonhole, and said, "*Merci, mon enfant.*" J. N. RAPHAEL

THE UNSPEAKABLE EUROPEAN

The Teuton Outlook Germans are bad "Europeans"—that is why in international affairs they are wiser than Britons. They have been reared in Bismarckism, which decisively rejects all sentimental-hypocritical abstractions: The-Unity-of-Christendom, The-Conscience-of-Mankind, The-Need-for-Working-Together. They look at diplomatic affairs in the cold, egoistical, essentially politic, and at bottom humane spirit of Bismarck's "Thoughts and Reminiscences."

Enjoying the Farce That is why they are merrily laughing at Europe, at the Powers, at the Concert, at weak-minded Herr Bethmann-Hollweg for joining in the last outrageous velleities of the Concert. The day after the new Young Turk Revolution came off successfully, not a single German newspaper stood up for the official German and European-Solidarity policy, except Herr Bebel's *Vorwaerts*. It is Socialists who on principle abjure all national aims and condemn the very conception of Germany, who praised Wilhelmsstrasse for joining in the Powerlessnesses' farce.

What the Germans Know This is the German point of view. From the start of the Balkan quarrel the Powerlessnesses have deluded themselves about their capacity and authority, and universally played the rôle of hypocrite and fool. That does not surprise Germans. They know that European policy is in the hands of men who would make a nineteenth-century diplomat turn in his grave. And these wholly insignificant little men are trying to bend the bows of the nineteenth-century giants, and direct Balkan history. But while acting "collectively" and with seven millions of soldiers behind them, they have shown themselves weaker than the weakest European State acting alone.

A Policy of Bluster From the first they have pursued a policy of bluster and climb-down, followed by a new form of bluster devised to restore their shattered pretensions. They started by threatening Bulgaria and her friends. Bulgaria and her friends kicked them downstairs. The kick was so hard that for six weeks or so the Controlling-the-Balkan-Question pose was ignominiously relinquished. Then the kick was forgotten, and the pose was resumed. But since the Balkan Allies had unexpectedly proved big and *intransigeant*, "Europe" set to restore its prestige by bullying the side which seemed weak. In reality "Europe," in making Turkey its victim, was not making a choice at all, but was being dragged at the chariot wheels of blustering M. Daneff.

The Shortsighted Diplomats The new enterprise looked promising. "Europe," as the Olympian controller of destiny, seemed redeemed. But, as usual, the precious diplomats could not see beyond their noses. And because the desperate Turks did exactly what any nation with a spark of spirit would do, the fooled Ambassadors got angry, and fooled newspapers published hysterical leading articles about the "indignation" of Europe. As a fact, indignant Europe is laughing uproariously over the "Powers."

Ridiculous "Europe" The Berlin Bystander is no pro-Turk. But can anyone—can the most bigot European—respect "Europe"? First, hypocritically demanding reforms; then intriguing to prevent reforms; next threatening the Balkan Allies when they decide to make their own reforms; next eating their words, crawling after the Allies, and begging miserably to be allowed to consummate the Allies' unfinished work. Guaranteeing Turkish provinces; stealing them next day; requiring Turkey to abandon the "integrity" theory and cede land; and offering her in exchange a new guarantee of integrity. Making hints at punitive measures which "Europe" neglects to describe precisely, because it knows it will never take them. That is "Europe." Is it a wonder that the Turk despises Europe, and thanks heaven he is not a "European"?

Snapshots from the States

A FEW OF THE MIDINETTES CONCERNED IN THE NEW YORK DRESSMAKERS' STRIKE, SOME OF THEM QUITE PRETTY

NOBODY WANTS HIM!

Ex-President Castro of Venezuela, who, after undergoing a somewhat humiliating examination at the hands of a Board of Inquiry, was prohibited from entering the States

Photograph *International News*

PRESIDENT TAFT AT KEY WEST

En route to the Panama Canal, the scene of his most famous political achievement—the quarrel with Britain over the tolls

Photograph *Transatlantic Company*

STREET SCENES DURING THE NEW YORK MIDINETTES' STRIKE

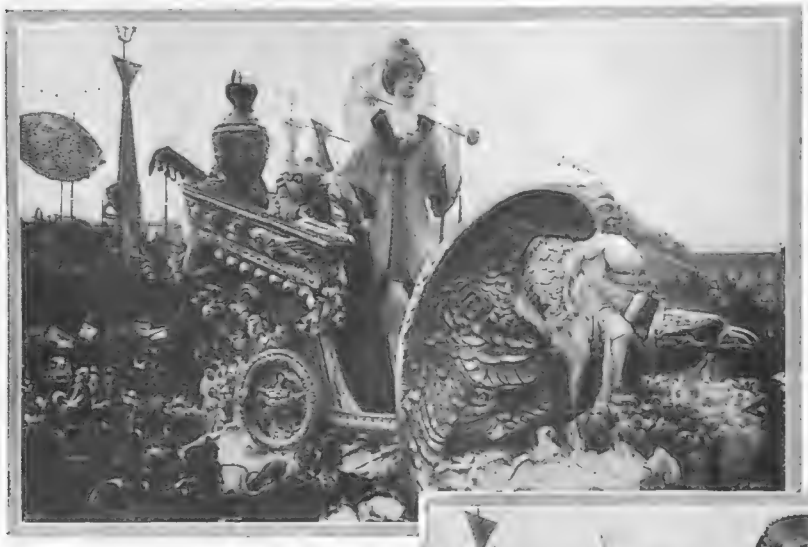
A recent procession through the streets of New York of dressmakers on strike. This was one of the largest strikes on record, involving many thousands of garment makers, who revolted against the alleged tyranny of shop bosses. Terms of peace were eventually agreed upon

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

WHO CARES ABOUT CARNIVALS?

The Only Person

I have come to the conclusion that the only person who really enjoys Carnivals is the native of the towns in which these rejoicings take place. All the rest of the world either tolerates them or "does" them. The Italian tells one to see Naples and then join the eternal throng; the Niçois bids us witness his Carnival—and disappear. So the visitor to the Riviera "does" his Carnival—the only Carnival worth talking of is that of Nice—as in duty bound. Rarely, very rarely, he enjoys it. He has to be of an exceptionally buoyant, irresponsible nature to be accompanied by a crowd of *compères* to get up anything like what the journalist calls the "Carnival spirit"—in nine cases our of ten "spirit" should be put in the plural. And even if he should manage to get himself into something like tune, it is nine chances to one on his realising all of a sudden that he is making a consummate ass of himself, and on his making a hurried retreat to his hotel to divest himself of false nose and domino, only to return to the scene of revelry as a mere contemptuous spectator.



QUEEN CARNIVAL AT NICE—

Photographs *Roe*

—AND KING CARNIVAL XLI.

Who, acidly asks the Rivieran Bystander above, cares about the Nice Carnival? Who even knows what it is all about? He says he doesn't himself, though he lives there, and we are sure we don't

The Native's Orgy

The fact is that unless one be Southern by birth—or alcoholic by adoption—Carnival fails to appeal. With alarmist telegrams arriving by every bicycle—the bicycle is the most rapid section of the telegraphic system of France, so far as the Riviera is concerned, at any rate—it is difficult, even for a Bystander to don mask and domino and dance along the thoroughfares of Nice to the tune of "Everybody's Doing It." But, then, the Bystander is not of necessity Southern, and the Niçois takes about as much interest in Constantinople as the Londoner takes in the olive crop. No, the Carnival—I still talk of the Carnival of Nice, for the others fail to count save journalistically—is in strict reality the native's orgy. The visitor just looks on and smiles—or is bored.

The Obscure Joke

Now, this condition of things is really not altogether the fault of the visitor. In the first place, half—at least—of the Carnival is absolute Greek to him. He sees a procession of cars, wonderful of design and of execution, but of meaning absolutely incomprehensible. He admires, he laughs. It is all very beautiful and very funny. But why he admires and why he laughs, Heaven may know, but he certainly does not. For in nine cases out of ten—and that is a good average, for the cars are not numbered by hundreds—the joke that they contain is purely local. I have just wasted an afternoon looking at the Nice Carnival, and upon my most sacred word of honour, I have not understood the meaning of one single one of the cars, or *chars*, if you prefer the French term. They are all wonderful—unique—as regards construction, but I am still scratching my head and wondering what they are all about.

Local Tradition

So far as I can make out, the natives of the Sunny South—and it really is sunny this winter—have burrowed under the lowest depths of local tradition to find a *raison d'être* for the most important features of their great annual festival. I will go so far as to say that, though I live in Nice and see him, perforce, every day (happily he will be dead soon after these lines appear), I could not for the life of me go into the witness-box and swear what King Carnival XLI. is supposed to represent.

R. W. M.

Sports in the Track of the Sun

NOTABLES IN THE COURTS AND ON THE LINKS AT CANNES

LORD ROCKSAVAGE ENJOYING SOME TENNIS ON THE CANNES COURTS

LADY HELEN VINCENT PRESUMABLY ABOUT TO PLAY TENNIS UNDER RATHER DIFFICULT CONDITIONS

Photographs

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE BEFORE—OR IS IT AFTER?—A SET AT CANNES

Central News

THE GRAND DUKE CYRIL OF RUSSIA POSING FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH AFTER A ROUND OF GOLF

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

IT looks very much as though we should have a Fifth Season this year. Spring—owing to the extraordinary activity of the halfpenny papers combined with a certain mildness of the weather—has already come and gone. Flowers and lambs have been out for weeks. A lady (I suppose she was a lady) heard the cuckoo days ago.

* * *

Meanwhile, the dread months of February, March, April, May, and June lie before us. What are they to be termed? I do not know, unless, on the analogy of St. Luke's summer, one could call them, say, St. Pankhurst's winter.

* * *

Anyway, life is to be made "impossible for the public" during these months by that lady's disciples. We do not quite realise how as yet. We hope the police do. It is to be feared that there will be a lot of forcible feeding during Lent.

* * *

The Sultan of Turkey, it is stated, has been visiting his deposed and imprisoned brother, Abdul Hamid, and has even given permission for the latter to go for little outings on the Bosphorus. Perhaps the Sultan's idea is that a Greek cruiser might happen that way?

CANINE MISERIES: "STAMP" DAY

(By Sid Treeby)

Commenting on the special precautions taken to guard Cabinet Ministers against the attacks of the Militants, a contemporary says: "If a Minister plays golf, a detective walks round within 50 yards of him." This seems bound to induce a bad style among members of the Cabinet, for the more humane ones are sure to get into a habit of lofting their balls.

* * *

Dodging the Ministerial pellet sounds more of a "blind-alley" occupation even than caddying. But I suppose that eventually these detectives will go back to their normal task of burglar-catching, if burglars have not in the meanwhile earned so much as to be able to retire from public life.

* * *

One thing is certain. If these Scotland Yard men have kept a close watch on the methods of their Cabinet charges, they should find those of the average cracksman simple enough later on.

* * *

A suggestion has been made that these detectives should be formed into a permanent Prætorian Guard, corresponding to that employed by the Roman Emperors. Such a body would be very useful in forcing unpopular Bills through Parliament, obliging recalcitrant Countesses to lick stamps, compelling the populace to observe "Joy Day," and so forth.

THE EVER-CHANGING TRAPPINGS OF THE DANCE

(By Laurie Tayler)

Musical Terms: No. IV.

OSTINATO: OBSTINATELY, WITH PERSISTENCE

BY CHAS. HOWARD

Galatea, Aurora, Undaunted, Inconstant—these are the names given to four of the light armoured cruisers of the 1912-13 programme. *Undaunted* and *Inconstant* seem good, but one would have liked to see the others associated more closely in their christening with the First Lord under whose *régime* they were built. Why could not the *Galatea* and *Aurora* have been respectively the "Bouncer" and the "Irrepressible"?

* * *

At a Labour Institute Conference held a few days ago, one of the delegates suggested that trams should, in the interests of Labour, be run on the system of "A Penny all the Way and all Day." Certainly one feels that riding about in a tram all day for a penny would appeal greatly to some of our London workmen, though many would grudge the sixpence a week.

* * *

The advertisement for a British University graduate who would go to Ceylon and there become a Bhikku or monk—who would beg for his food in the streets—has met with less response than was expected. Our 'Varsity correspondent writes: "There are plenty of men up at present who would be eminently suited for this career, but Mr. Lloyd George has created so many new posts under Government of late that there is little need for graduates to go to Ceylon."

What Does Womankind Read?

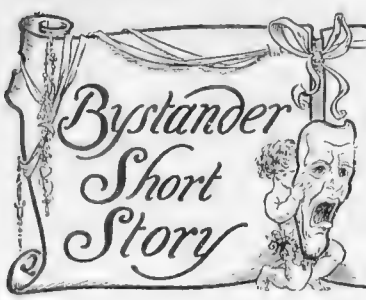
THE SOMEWHAT STARTLING ANSWER OF THE LONDON BOOKSTALL

A LITTLE while ago we were being wisely assured that the sex question was losing its hold over popular literature. A glance at the average bookstall does not quite bear out the supposition.

At one of these THE BYSTANDER the other day noticed at least a dozen cheap novels, and if the contents of these were indicated by their coloured cover-designs, they must have been indeed of a lurid character.

In almost every case man and woman are depicted in what a recent critic would call the "fleshly" relationship. Possibly the novels themselves are by no means as sensational as the cover-artists suggest. Nevertheless, the publisher is nothing if not a business man, and that he uses such devices to attract attention to his wares can only be because he is shrewdly sensible that they will succeed.

Wherefor one must deduce that the talk of an improving taste is at present premature. The sex question, in its old-fashioned form, has a little longer yet to run before the deluge! On this page we reproduce a selection of typical book-covers, the designs and titles of which speak—or, rather, shriek—for themselves.



THE ETERNAL —SHADOW—

By Jean d'Auvergne

"Du mal qu'une amour ignorée
Nous fait souffrir
J'en porte l'âme dechirée
Jusqu'à mourir."

WE had been down at the Roman Catholic chapel of the French Mission to hear a little music. Pleasure of this kind rarely came our way in the little Malayan town which lay so far from the track of modern civilisation.

There were three of us living there together in the C.P.O.'s quarters: Stanfield, the Chief Magistrate; Heywood, the Chief Police Officer; and myself. Heywood I knew very well. With Stanfield, however, I was not nearly so intimate. In the first place, he was considerably older than either Heywood or myself; and, secondly, our respective duties had taken us hitherto to widely separated parts of the Malay States. I had met him some years before, and had taken a fancy to the grey-haired, prematurely old, and gravely quiet little man. Strangely enough, I remembered him chiefly on account of the warning he had given Heywood, who at that time was madly infatuated with a young Malay girl. Mainly through Stanfield's influence he had been restrained from carrying matters too far. At the time I remembered I had thought Stanfield devoid of all feeling, and I had sympathised strongly with Heywood.

To-night, however, the Chief Magistrate was more silent than usual. I had noticed this while the priest was singing. Father Barron had a magnificent voice, strong yet pure and tender. And as we sat in the little chapel in the dark and ghostly candle-light, it seemed as if we were in another world. I fancy that none of us had entered a church for years. Then, as the rich, deep tones rang through the vaulted roof, a flood of memories came back to me, rushing swiftly through my brain. Each note in its tenderness filled me with remorse. I was a child again, and all the scepticism and sensuality of the East had disappeared. It was one of those rare moments when the Divine Light which we have sought in vain for years seems to shine for us alone, shedding its rays on all the barren patches of our lives and flooding our souls with the knowledge of our own weakness.

The song the young Father had chosen was Godard's "Berceuse." I had heard it many times before, but never had I felt as now the plaintive appeal of the words:

"O! ne t'éveille pas encor',
Pour qu'un bel ange de ton rêve
En déroulant son long fil d'or
Enfant! Permette qu'il s'achève."

The little organ, coaxed and cajoled by another priest, droned out its soothing melody. Father Barron, his hands closed on his breast and a calm and peaceful look on his face, seemed to have forgotten everything in the happiness of the moment. Perhaps he felt himself inspired by his Maker to bring a little joy into our weary lives. If so, his effort was not in vain, for we all, I think, felt the charm and influence of the place. And when finally the song drew near its end, and the last few words slowly and wistfully rang out their great appeal, "Vierge Sainte: Veillez sur lui," I felt a catch in my throat, and through my blurred eyes I saw again the vision of my innocent childhood, before the East had sown its canker of indifference in my heart.

After the song the two priests knelt down to pray, while we stole softly from the church. On reaching our quarters we sat down in silence on the verandah, drinking in the cool, refreshing air of the night. From our seats we could hear the gentle lapping of the sea on the golden stretch of sand, and in the plaintive rhythm of the waves we seemed to catch again the echo of the song. Speech seemed strangely out of place. Had Heywood and I been alone, we would have shared our confidences, but in Stanfield's presence we both were shy, especially as the Chief Magistrate himself seemed little inclined to talk.

Presently he rose, threw his cigarette over the verandah, and bade us good-night. After he had reached his room, and we had heard him close his door, I turned to Heywood and said:

"What's the matter with old Stanfield to-night? That song seems to have knocked him completely over. I had no idea he was so easily moved."

"Stanfield not sentimental!" replied Heywood. "My dear man, have you never heard the story of his life? Quite a tragedy, I assure you."

I expressed my ignorance, and asked him to continue.

"Well, first of all," said Heywood, "you must understand that 'Stan' is one of those men who clothe their profligacy with sentiment. Men of this class almost always perish miserably. They will love some poor native girl with all the depth and fire of their European passion. For her they will forget home and country, caste and race. Too passionate to hold aloof, too noble-minded to treat her as a plaything, these men provide the silent tragedies of the East.

"When Stanfield first came out, you would not have known him. He was young, good-looking, clever, and very keen about his work. He had a fine taste in literature, and used to write for the reviews and the higher-class magazines. His library was the best in the Malay States. His enthusiasm for Malay matters was unbounded, and his whole time was spent in studying native life and customs. Naturally, he went ahead fast, got through all his exams., and at the end of eighteen months was sent up to Pahang to act as District Officer over a certain district in that State, where, with the exception of a monthly visit from the State doctor, he never had any intercourse with white men.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Then there happened that which usually happens when a white man is suddenly placed twenty miles from anyone of his own race. With his passion, his tenderness, and his emotional temperament Stanfield was formed for love, and in his search for sentiment and fresh experience he proceeded to fall in love with a Malay girl.

"She was a Sultan's daughter, young and very beautiful, with the charm of some forest sylph and the carriage of a queen. According to Malay customs, she had been married to some red-lipped, old Haji, who alone had been rich enough to win her, but so great was her repugnance for him that after a few months he grew tired of her capricious moods and sarcastic temper and divorced her. Then she had gone to live as a widow in her brother's house.

"Stanfield saw her for the first time one evening when she was bathing in the river, and that night he went home with his heart on fire. His house was more than a mile from hers, but both lay on the banks of the river—a slow, muddy stream, hidden by tall reeds and giant grasses. Every evening, about an hour before dusk, Stanfield used to take his small Malay canoe and paddle stealthily down the stream—ashamed to be seen, and yet unable to suppress his longing. Hidden like a blushing schoolboy, he waited there to see her pass.

"In an English ballroom she would have been out of place, but there in her own surroundings, set off by the rich green colours of the jungle, she was as fair a sight as one could wish to see, and in the brightness of her apparel she looked like a golden butterfly of silk and gossamer. Like every really beautiful woman, whether Eastern or Western, she knew by instinct what colours suited her, and how to wear them too. Whenever she saw Stanfield she had a dainty little trick—you know the style—of drawing her veil across her face, leaving exposed only the tiniest tip of a little brown nose and a pair of eyes, wonderful in the depth of their colour and lotus-like in the sadness of their expression. From her walk and from the manner in which she carried her head, you could tell at a glance that she belonged to the Malay nobility, who for centuries and centuries have been accustomed to marry only the fairest and most beautiful in the land, thus producing a line of daughters 'sweeter than honey and more beautiful than gold.'

"At first she passed Stanfield by without so much as a glance, treating him with a contempt that was calculated to increase the strength of his desire. But gradually, without conscious knowledge, her heart, untrained in the exercise of moral restraint, began to yield to the charm of this new love.

"A week passed by without any sign of recognition on her part, and Stanfield was almost worn out with the sleeplessness of despair. Then one evening as she walked quietly past him she drew aside her veil slowly and deliberately, and, uncovering her face, looked straight into his eyes. In a second the veil was dropped, and she passed on. She had said nothing. She had not even smiled, but Stanfield understood. And that night, when all the world was asleep, he stole softly down the river, and, mooring his boat to a tree, crept into the compound of her house and whistled quietly. For a few minutes he waited nervously, hearing nothing and yet not daring to give a fresh signal. Then a door creaked, and, like Marguerite in the full bloom and burning passion of her youth, she came down to him in the garden and threw herself into his wild embrace. And there, in the pale moonlight, in the shade of the lofty palms, to the accompaniment of the night-jar and the lapping of the water in the reeds, she yielded herself without misgiving or reserve to the strength of his desire and to the witchery of the moment.

"At the beginning I honestly believe she was really in love with him. At all events, the depth and strength of Stanfield's passion sufficed for both; and for some time all went well. Stanfield was in Paradise. One Christmas I went up to spend a week with him. Every night after dinner we used to sit on the verandah, and while I smoked 'Stan' would pour out the tale of his happiness. He told me all our European ideas were wrong, and that marriage with a white woman in a country such as this was cruel and unfair. And as he talked his brown divinity would nestle near his feet, and taking his hands and gently stroking them, would gaze into his face with her lovely, lustrous eyes.

"She was, indeed, a thing to dream of in this heat-rotten country, but what I liked most about her was her refinement. In her speech, in her manners, in her movements, she was as quiet and as graceful as a queen. And with it all she still remained a Malay, fresh and bright as a flower of the forest. Then 'Stan' would draw her on to his knee and call her 'chahaya mata-ku,' which is, being interpreted, 'light of my eyes,' whereupon the lithe little figure would twine herself about him and with half-closed eyes would press her lips to his in voluptuous ecstasy.

"This state of affairs lasted nearly two years. Then a strange rumour began to be spread that a young 'tungku'* had fallen in love with Stanfield's Malay girl and that his love had been returned. At any rate, Stanfield became frantically jealous. His whole manner changed. He grew morbid and morose, and the Malays who had formerly loved him and trusted him now learned to avoid him on account of his violent temper.

"The climax was reached one blazing afternoon in July, when the doctor drove up to Stanfield's bungalow. He found 'Stan' sitting in a 'gharry' before the door and swearing horribly at his Boyanese driver, who was fumbling with the horse's bit. 'Stan' ignored the doctor's greeting as though he had never seen him. There was a strange light in his eyes, and he looked like a man who has just emerged from a long drinking bout. The horse started, and he drove off, shouting as he went, 'I'm off on a week's leave. You had better go in and see the missis. I expect she'll want you.'

"The doctor shook his head, as though half-expectant of what was to follow, and walked up on to the verandah. He passed on into the large living-room, off which opened all the bedrooms. 'Mina,' he called, but no Mina answered. Then he shouted for the servant. A Chinese 'boy' came silently into the room, trembling and shaking with fear as though he had just been beaten. In answer to the doctor's question he pointed to one of the bedroom doors. The doctor rapped gently on the roughly panelled door, but the only reply was a stifled sob. Then he turned the handle and went in.

* "Tungku"—the younger sons of a Malay Sultan.

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"He was not in any way an emotional man, but he gasped at the sight that presented itself before his eyes. The floor was strewn with silver dollars, and in a corner a little figure, half-buried in the glittering mass, lay huddled on the hard, bare planks.

"As the doctor came in, she looked up. She had stopped weeping, but the tears had left their trace on the red, swollen eyes. Her face was cruelly bruised, and on one cheek the blood was still flowing from a nasty cut. Slowly she dragged herself along the ground, and, bursting afresh into tears, clasped the doctor by the knees. Between her sobs she managed to tell him her pitiful story: how Stanfield had found the Malay 'tungku' in the house; how it was all a mistake, and how she loved Stanfield best.

"It was not difficult for the doctor to picture to himself the terrible nature of Stanfield's revenge. He had thought it all out. Probably he had taken the piles of dollars from the Government safe. He had then come in, and, on accusing the girl of infidelity, had said to her, in the sarcastic tones he could use so well: 'I suppose it was more money you wanted. Here you are! Heaven forbid that anyone should say I was not generous.'

"He had taken out the dollars and had hurled them one by one at the unfortunate girl—cruelly and deliberately, in the diabolical manner which only his over-educated mind could have conceived.

"It's not a pretty story, is it? Still, he loved her; and living alone far away from his own fellows unnerves a man.

"At any rate, that's why 'Stan's' hair is grey to-day. That's why you see no sign of sentiment or of passionate temperament. That explains why his heart is hard as stone. He has forgiven, but he will never forget. That is why he now buries himself in law books, never smiles, and never makes a joke. And that is why, instead of going to sleep after tiffin like every rational creature, he sits and pores over Morley's 'Life of Gladstone.' He is not reading, he is only trying to forget. . . ."

. . . . . .

Three weeks after this conversation I strolled into Heywood's office to consult him about some trivial business matter.

"Here," he said, throwing me a document. "Here is something that will interest you."

I read the paper through. It was a police notice giving particulars of one Mina, a Malay lady of noble birth, medium stature, age twenty-three, etc., etc. It appeared from the report that the girl who once might have been Mrs. Stanfield had gradually descended to the lowest depths of vice, and had finally become a morphia fiend. Unable to earn enough money to satisfy her unquenchable cravings, she had committed a series of thefts on a large scale. For this reason an order had been made out for her imprisonment for an indefinite period as an incurable. And, to add to the irony of it all, at the bottom of the order, written in a clear, legible hand, was the signature: "R. V. Stanfield, Chief Magistrate."

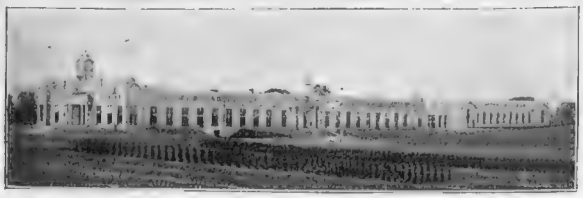
JEAN D'AUVERGNE

London Innovations—Reported from Paris

THE SMOKE-BAG

THE POCKET-SLOUCH

It is always interesting to know what we really are doing over here, and it is generally from foreign parts that the most reliable information comes. Hence, in the above sketches, from Paris, we learn (1) that English ladies and gentlemen now carry with them "petits sacs de cuir noir, où ils mettent leurs utensiles de fumeur"; and (2) that women as well as men now walk with their hands in their pockets "d'un gilet très masculin"! Now that we know what we are doing, why not let us do it?



News from Headquarters.

"TESTED" MEANS "TESTED."

TO think of seeds is to think of Carters *Tested* Seeds—but it is not so generally known exactly what "Tested" means. It means all that the word suggests. It means even more. It represents the whole story of the enormous strides horticulture has taken in the seventy-five years since the late Mr. James Carter hall-marked his seeds with the adjective now famous the world over.

Let us spend a few moments in the wonderful Testing Rooms at the Raynes Park Headquarters, where scientists are engaged all the year round pursuing those researches which mean so much to the advancement of flower and vegetable culture.

Here are operatives counting out and placing, with admirable patience, the tiniest of seeds on little absorbent pads. The pads are now placed in a wonderful contrivance which put one in mind of an advanced type of incubator. All that is exactly what the Testing Instrument is, except that it hatches seeds instead of eggs.

Here, in another Tester, we see the seeds already "hatched"—bursting forth into life. The Testing-Room Registers tell how many seeds went into the Tester, and now they record the exact proportion that they have germinated, their time of germination, and their strength. Through the windows of the Testing Rooms we see great stretches of multi-coloured blossoms undergoing their final tests in the summer. This stage of the examination takes place in the expansive trial grounds which afford customers the advantage of seeing their own seeds at maturity.

. . . . Our time is short, or we could spend hours here in just this one department of Seed Wonderland. But we have already seen sufficient to-day to show us something of what scientific testing means, and how it transforms seed-buying from chance-work to certainty. May we send a copy of our catalogue?

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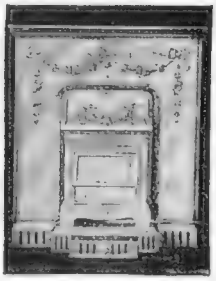

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Arctic Exploration

Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen's account of the Alabama expedition, 1909-1912, now published in this country under the title of *Lost in the Arctic* (Heinemann: 18*s.* net), is about the most vivid book of the kind I have ever read. The object of this expedition was not the discovery of the Pole, but to search for the journals and diaries of the ill-fated Mylius Erichsen, who had organised a party in 1906 to explore the north-eastern coast of Greenland.

A Question of Geography

Now, I do not pretend to know anything of Arctic geography—Captain Mikkelsen might have provided more than the one map, which you have to unfold at the end of the book, and fold again if you can—and I daresay the majority of his readers will be almost as ignorant as myself, but geography hardly matters now that the book is in print, although it mattered very considerably when Mikkelsen and his seven companions went north in a forty-tonner. The interest of a book of this kind lies in its ability, or otherwise, to let you become an invisible member of the expedition it describes. Captain Mikkelsen does not pretend to be a distinguished author; he is a sailor. Yet he can write in a way that makes you see into a man's, and also a country's, soul. And that should be recommendation enough.

Hardships Extraordinary

You see him starting off, looking forward boldly to a year's hard work, with companions, dogs, and food in plenty. Then some of his companions remain behind on the ship that is fated never to return to civilisation. Mikkelsen and the others press on with sledges and dogs. Then two turn back, and two go north—Mikkelsen himself and Iversen, the engineer. And then comes the awful tramp across the ice, with gales and fogs and a daily disappointment. Everything goes wrong. There are the fiercest storms, the ice is never in the right condition, fresh meat fails to appear when it should, seals have a way of slipping into the water before they die, the dogs are insufficiently fed, Mikkelsen himself becomes ill. And finally there is Hunger. Hunger is a thing which means little to the great majority of men—Hunger, I mean, of the kind which these two men experienced. For some pages, indeed, the book reads like an eerie romance. Food is the only topic of conversation. The two men are half-demented; flat white stones in their path are taken for sandwiches. They have eaten everything—even their dead dogs' livers, and dog-liver is not the best of food. It becomes a question of hours—can they reach a depôt which still has food? They reach it and live, and come back to the ship, to find it deserted. They have to wait a year for the ship. It does not come. They wait two years. You cannot realise what this means. Two years, and they see no human being but each other! It is almost unthinkable. And then one day comes a sail over the horizon, and they are taken away from their prison of ice. Then they see men, actual men. Afterwards they see a girl. They have baths and sleep in beds. Most extraordinary! But they have not failed. The world welcomes them; the expedition has justified itself. Not for nothing were all those hardships borne. It is a fascinating book, and the numerous photographs which Captain Mikkelsen was enabled to take are a unique collection in themselves.

MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH
Whose memoirs have just been published under the title, "From Studio to Stage" (Lane: 16*s.* net)
(Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by Harold Smith)

Mr. Weedon Grossmith's Memoirs

An actor's memoirs almost invariably make good reading. Or is it that only the interesting actors write their memoirs? Somehow they seem to make more friends than most people; at least, they always seem to have more stories to tell. Things happen to actors which never happen to anyone else. Why, I cannot say, except that a theatre is a mightily curious place, rather like Monte Carlo, inasmuch as it is like nowhere else in the world. *From Studio to Stage* (Lane: 16*s.* net), by Weedon Grossmith, skips along merrily enough, and takes the reader into all sorts of congenial companies, theatrical and otherwise. In the days when "Wee-Gee" was a painter, and a painter, by the way, who really had his pictures hung on the line and *sold* them, he seems to have possessed the same amiable qualities which have endeared him to a far wider public than that which pays its annual duty-visit to the Royal Academy. Stories follow one another in a jolly confusion—now about the unspeakability of certain snobs, now about the unfortunate ending to the Prince of Wales's cigar, again of Irving and Brandon Thomas, and a score of theatrical folk. There are chapters, too, on old furniture, and on those mysteriously aloof people called "backers," and on the gay London which "Wee-Gee" knew as a youth.

Ralph Straus

MAGISTRATE. It is established that you stole this car, took it abroad and used it daily for your pleasure during three years. The plea that it was mechanically intact when recovered does not palliate the gravity of the offence. For every year of pleasure you will pay one year of pain—with hard labour.

PRISONER. Well, your worship, it's lucky I didn't run the car as long as it would run or I'd have got twenty years at least. I may explain to your unmechanical worship that the car was a LANCIA.

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The circulation is impeded by the clogging uric acid and the resultant congestion sets up intense and persistent headaches. Sluggish liver, dyspepsia, acidity, heartburn, and flatulence are also common forerunners of gout. The effect of uric acid upon the nerves is to cause pronounced nervous and mental depression, or a great deal of debility.

Uric Acid at Work

Meanwhile little hard lumps become visible here and there on various parts of the surface of the body.

Then gouty twinges in the muscles, giving warning of the spread of uric acid, begin to be experienced, especially in damp and cold weather; unaccustomed stiffness is felt in knee, fingers, and elbow joints; "pins and needles" sensations shoot through the arm and fingers, or down the thigh, and the victim realises at last that the gouty habit is overtaking him. Now is the time to arrest further development of gout by ridding the system of the uric acid.

If this sensible procedure is not adopted, then chronic, chalky, or rheumatic gout, sometimes called rheumatoid arthritis, ensues, when the joints are attacked by uric acid, and dense masses of this substance force their way between the bones; sciatica and neuritis are the result of the intensely sharp crystals piercing their way into the super-sensitive nerves; gouty rheumatism and lumbago follow the invasion of the muscles by the stealthy uric acid; kidney stone and gravel are but concretions of uric acid, and gouty eczema is caused by uric acid in the skin.

The Destruction of Uric Acid

So long as uric acid remains in your system you cannot hope to be free from gout. Fortunately nature provides a group of agents which will rid the system of uric acid. The most powerful of these agents, known technically as uric acid solvents and eliminants, are incorporated in Bishop's Varalettes, which for many years have been recognised as the most effective remedy and preventive for all forms of gout. Bishop's Varalettes act directly and powerfully upon uric acid itself. They convert this dangerous and pain-causing substance into a harmless compound which is gradually washed away from its lurking places. As the removal of uric acid deposits in the joints and muscles is effected by the action of Bishop's Varalettes, pain and stiffness disappear, swellings subside, and inflammation is dispersed. Suffering gives way to comfort, which may be made lasting by the occasional subsequent use of Bishop's Varalettes as a preventive.

Authoritative Dietary Guide

Henceforth, no one need ever feel in doubt as to what constitutes a suitable anti-gout diet, as the makers of Bishop's Varalettes have published a concise but authoritative guide to the selection of a uric-acid-free diet wherein classified lists of permissible and prohibited foods are set forth. The sufferer who has mistakenly been denying himself all the good things of life will be surprised to find how wide a choice he has open to him. This dietary forms one section of a book devoted to a discussion of uric acid disorders, their symptoms, course, and treatment, which will be found of very great interest to all gouty subjects, or those who fear they are on the road to gout.

A copy will be sent post free on application to Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists (est. 1857), 48, Spelman St., London, N.E. Please ask for Booklet A.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the sole makers, as above.

The Addition to Rule 4

As a result of the latest revision of the Rules we have had an addition made to Rule 4. The gist of this addition is to the following effect: a player is now entitled to ascertain from his opponent how many strokes the latter has played. If the opponent gives wrong information and does not correct it before the player has played another stroke he (the opponent) loses the hole. The exact wording of the penalty is important. It is: "He shall lose the hole." This, at any rate, looks decisive and conclusive. But then further on in the code we come upon Rule 33, which is headed: "Penalty of loss of hole qualified by half previously gained." The rule itself says: "When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a stroke for the half, nothing that the player who has holed out can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained."

The Spirit and the Letter

Recently Mr. Garden Smith, who, like myself, is a strong opponent of Rule 4 (2) and of Rule 33, has imagined a case which provides a very pretty conundrum. He supposes two players, A and B, to be on the putting green. B asks A, who has holed out, "How many have you played?" A replies, "Six. You have that for the hole." Thereupon B plays, and either holes or misses, it matters not which for the argument. We will suppose him to hole. Then we have probably the following conversation. B: "Well, that's my hole." A: "Oh, I am so sorry, I have made a mistake; I had only played five, and so the hole is halved." "No," says B, "you have lost the hole because you gave me wrong information, and I claim the hole under Rule 4 (2)." "Ah," replies A, "but you are forgetting Rule 33, which says I can't be deprived of the half I had already gained. No, the hole is halved." Well, when these two disputants lay the case before their committee, or have it sent for decision to the Rules Committee, what is the ruling to be? Does B win the hole, or is A saved from loss by Rule 33? I see that Mr. Croome, in the *Morning Post*, airily dismisses the question as too simple for discussion, and pronounces in favour of B on the ground that A has offended against Rule 4 (2), which is absolute and admits of no exception. What about Rule 33 then? Is that any less absolute, particularly in view of its heading, and also on account of its genesis? Surely not. Personally, I am disposed to think that the Rules Committee did not foresee the case which might arise under Rule 4 (2), with the result that we now have two mutually conflicting rules. I imagine that Rule 4 (2) must be due to some incident which admitted of an easy solution according to the spirit of the game, and it seems a pity that our legislators should have to embody in the code needless rules which proclaim *urbi et orbi* that some men cannot play golf in its proper spirit.

ERNEST LEHMANN

NAPIER ECONOMY

The proved Best Car.

Remarkable Results of the Private Owners' RUNNING COSTS COMPETITION.

JUDGES: AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION.

THE makers of the proved Best Car are continually endeavouring to reduce the running expenses of their cars. The most minute details in their design receive most careful attention, with the idea of bringing the Napier cost of upkeep down to the lowest possible margin. Recently a Drivers' Competition was inaugurated in order to ascertain the running costs of various Napier owners. The remarkable results of the three winners detailed below serve to demonstrate how really economical motoring is if your car is a Napier.

30 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER - - - - - - - - - - 1st PRIZE, £50.
Winner covered 5,782 miles, at an average petrol consumption of 18.13 m.p.g.; total repairs, 7/-.
F. AKERMAN, 11, Fairlop Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.

45 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER - - - - - - - - - 2nd PRIZE, £25.
Winner covered 6,294 miles, at an average petrol consumption of 15.85 m.p.g.; total repairs, 1/-.
A. J. LOVELESS, The Garage, "Duval's," Grays, Essex.

15 H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER NAPIER - - - - - - - - - 3rd PRIZE, £15.
Winner covered 6,274 miles, at an average petrol consumption of 20.33 m.p.g.; total repairs, nil.
A. C. HAINES, Walton Road, Wetherby.

Do these facts and figures justify you at least seeing and testing a Napier before you decide on your car? *Write to-day, making an appointment for a trial run, and for a copy of the* 1913 *NAPIER Book.*

S. F. EDGE, Ltd.,

14, New Burlington St., LONDON, W.

NAPIER—THE PROVED BEST CAR

CHASSIS PRICES WITH TYRES.

59.9 h.p. six-cylinder	£1,095	15 h.p. Extra Strong Colonial, four-cylinder	£398
38.4 h.p. six-cylinder	850	15 h.p. 8ft. 10in. wheelbase for ordinary use, four-cylinders	365
30 h.p. six-cylinder	595	15 h.p. 8ft. 10in. wheelbase for Colonial use, four-cylinders	370
15 h.p. Model de Luxe, four-cylinder	395		

For 1913, with all models (except the 8ft. 10in. wheelbase 15 h.p.), we include Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheels, which save your tyres.

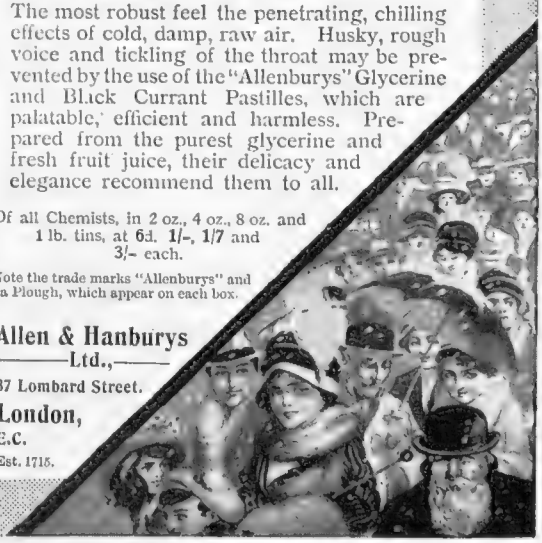
In Winter Weather

The "Allenburys" Glycerine and (Trade Mark) Black Currant Pastilles.

The most robust feel the penetrating, chilling effects of cold, damp, raw air. Husky, rough voice and tickling of the throat may be prevented by the use of the "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles, which are palatable, efficient and harmless. Prepared from the purest glycerine and fresh fruit juice, their delicacy and elegance recommend them to all.

Of all Chemists, in 2 oz., 4 oz., 8 oz. and 1 lb. tins, at 6d. 1/-, 1/7 and 3/- each.

Note the trade marks "Allenburys" and a Plough, which appear on each box.



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——Ltd.,——
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"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking."

Player's Navy Cut Tobacco and Cigarettes

SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL PACKETS AND TINS AND MAY BE OBTAINED FROM ALL STORES AND TOBACCONISTS OF REPUTE.

RACING: Backers Beware! BY CARBINE

Finding the "Blots"

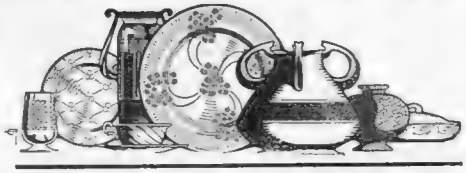
What a tremendous racking of brains—grown a bit rusty, maybe, since the close of last flat-racing season—is now going on in racing circles, to be sure. What a strenuous hunting-up of last year's weights and comparisons with new ones just issued. What endless discussions among friends as to so-called "blots" on the handicaps. What clever solutions of the problems! Yes, it is a busy, interesting time. For the weights of the big spring handicaps are out, and everyone is anxious to lose no time in spotting the winners. No doubt every racing Bystander has by this time got his or her fancies for the Lincoln and Grand National. Well, don't be in any hurry to back 'em. You won't lose much in the matter of price between now and the end of March, and it will be quite time enough to get on when you know that your horse is pretty fit and fancied by his people.

Pitfalls for Punters

One colt in the Lincoln is being freely spoken of in "clever" circles as a likely good thing. I happen to have seen this same colt in his stable a little while back; he was then a wreck physically, and I wouldn't at this moment back him at 500 to 1 for the Lincoln. Perhaps later on his trainer may get him round miraculously, but unless I saw him hard and well in the paddock on the day of the race he wouldn't carry any of my money. Yet I shall not be surprised to find this colt in the paper quotations shortly. Another four-year-old in the Lincoln, the property of a noble lord, is also being written-up as a likely winner, yet my information is that he will not be trained for this race, but specially for the Jubilee at Kempton Park. In all probability there are other pitfalls of the same sort for impetuous backers. So beware. Don't be in a hurry to get on—it's sound advice.

Selections for Sandown

In the case of the Grand National backers are less in the dark than they are over the flat races, for many of the jumpers have already been out this season, and are known to be likely runners. Yet we have two clear months to go before the Liverpool meeting, and many mishaps may occur and valuable "eye-openers" arise during that period. If pressed to give a tip for the Grand National now (and I know Colonial Bystanders like to get my ideas as soon as possible) I should name **Axle Pin**, but I shall not back him myself until much nearer the date of the great race. This week the best fun will be seen at Sandown Park, where I look upon **Braxted** as the likely winner of the Grand Prize on Friday and **Agnes M.** of the Nole Steeplechase. On the following day I shall not be surprised if **Jacobus** wins the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase and **The Last** the Epsom Steeplechase.



Genuine Sale
OF SURPLUS STOCK
Feb. 10 . . . to . . . Feb. 22

. . During this Sale we are offering the whole of our surplus stock — comprising Hundreds of Services, Ornamental Pieces in great variety, Rose Bowls, Flower Stands, Vases, etc., etc.

China & Glass
BOTH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL
At Reductions ranging to 10/- in the £.

. . . This Annual Sale is absolutely genuine, the goods offered having formed part of our Regular Stock. Even the least expensive article will be found of that Reliable Quality for which our house has been well known for 150 years. This is a special opportunity for those wishing to replenish their stocks at Exceptional Prices. Goods stored free of charge if desired. If unable to call—write for Illustrated List of Sale Bargains.

Alfd. B. Pearce & Co.
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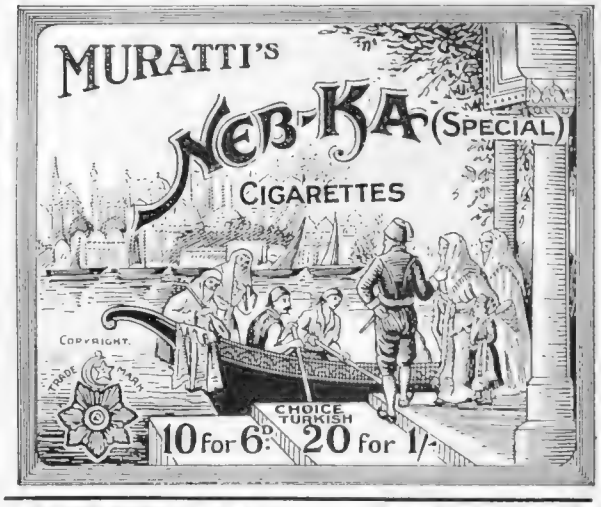

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CRÈME DE MENTHE
PIPPERMINT
GET FRÈRES
A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur
Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.
Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.
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NOW is the time to plant

Special Offer of a fine collection (light and dark blues).

Albert Edward, Athos, Beauty, Clear Sky, Dorothy Kelway, Evening, Kelway's Blue, Norah Luson, Zinfandel, Nymph, Sailor Prince, Gladstone.

60/- the dozen fine plants, true to name. Immediate delivery. Carriage and packing free for remittance with order, mentioning this paper.

Kelway
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GOOD TAILORING At Moderate Prices

We have Removed

from our premises at 223, Oxford Street, where we have, during past years, established so many pleasing connections with readers of the "Bystander."

. . We have felt the need for expansion—a desire to even improve our Service in Tailoring of the best kind—a wish to even brighten and better our surroundings.

. . Whilst more spacious, our new premises will be found instinct with that snugness—that quiet, refined air—which has for years been associated with our establishment. Our Showrooms and Fitting Rooms are again on a First Floor, away from the noise and bustle of the street, so that a man can choose his cloth and chat over his requirements in a manner pleasing to his taste.

. . We hope to see old friends, and to make new ones, in our new surroundings.

B. Cubitt & Co
TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1860
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WES

'Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath.'

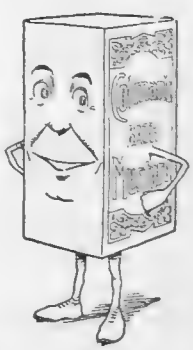
The exhilaration that follows a bath into which has been put some mustard is a lasting exhilaration.

First the skin feels the delightfully soft water which the mustard makes. Then the muscles "realise" a comforting restfulness. Finally, the nerves are so soothed that the feeling of comfort and reinvigoration after a mustard bath cannot be compared with anything else.

Any Colman's Mustard will do, but many shops sell Colman's Bath Mustard, specially put up in those handy cartons—each one containing just enough mustard for a bath.

The action of mustard when combined with water is not upon the skin alone, but upon the muscles, nerves and vital organs of the body, because of the direct "vascular communication" between the blood vessels of the skin and the vital organs.

Let "Muster Mistard" prepare your bath for you—whether morning or night, hot or cold. As a preventer of chills, and as a banisher of aches and pains, a hot mustard bath is looked upon as almost infallible by many thousands of people throughout the world, to whom the mustard bath habit is almost second nature. Have you Colman's Mustard in the house?



WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

The world-wide sales of WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS are an indisputable guarantee of its exceptional qualities.

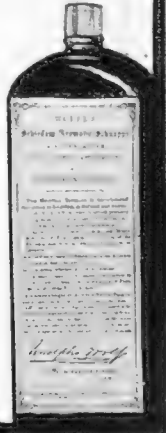
In the farthest Outpost of the Empire the sale of this excellent Tonic-Cordial is ever increasing, and as proof of its vogue in British Colonies it may be stated that its sale in the Australian Commonwealth alone exceeds a million and a half bottles per annum.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

is a welcome guest in the homes of the great Dominion of Canada, and the Union of Africa; whilst throughout the great Empire of India, in North and South America, and Cuba, it has established itself as the premier natural "pick-me-up" and stimulative tonic.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is universally recognised as the great domestic emergency beverage, the medicinal "Nip-in-Need," so to speak, the drink that pleases the palate and cures functional disorders, restoring the organic balance, so essential to perfect health, and the full enjoyment of life.

Unlike ordinary Hollands Gin, WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS is a refined beverage, with a unique flavour and pleasant aroma, and its sphere of utility is unlimited.



To be obtained of all Wine and Spirit Merchants, Licensed Grocers, and the Wholesale agencies at home and abroad here mentioned.

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Port Elizabeth,
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M. ZAPATA,
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Argentine.
J. F. MACADAM & CO.,
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Cuba.
MICHAELSEN & PRASSE,
Obrapia 18, Havana.

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India.
C. F. KELLNER & Co., Calcutta.
OAKES & Co., Ltd., Madras.
NUSSERWANJEE & Co., Karachi.
HERBERT, SON & Co., 72, Apollo Street, Bombay.

China.
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ANDREWS VON FISCHERZ & GEORGE Ltd., 1, Foochow Road, Shanghai

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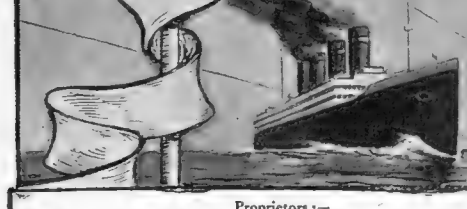

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To Remind You

THAT THE WATERLOO CUP MEETING IS COMING ROUND

JABBERWOCK (LEFT) AND LONG SPAN, BOTH THE PROPERTY OF SIR ROBERT JARDINE, AND BOTH EX-WINNERS, IN 1911 AND 1907 RESPECTIVELY, OF THE WATERLOO CUP

WITH the Waterloo Cup Meeting due to begin on Feb. 19, the fascinating game of picking the winner of *the* great event of the coursing year is being freely indulged in. In no sport is "form" more liable to be upset than in coursing, and to follow the "book" is often the best way of courting disaster. Last year, for instance, the form of the puppies was so moderate that everything pointed to a victory for one of the "all ages" brigade, and yet the winner, Mr. J. W. Fullerton's "Tide Time," and the runner-up, "Adversary," were both first-season dogs. This year, on the other hand, the puppies appear to be considerably above the average, so that, on the analogy of what happened last time, the spoils should go to the older greyhounds. But whatever may be the issue, it is satisfactory to record that everything points to a successful meeting. Hares have never been more plentiful on the Altcar estate than they are at present, and the sport is in as healthy a condition as ever. Sir Robert Jardine is thought to possess a good chance this year with Jibstay.

Insist on

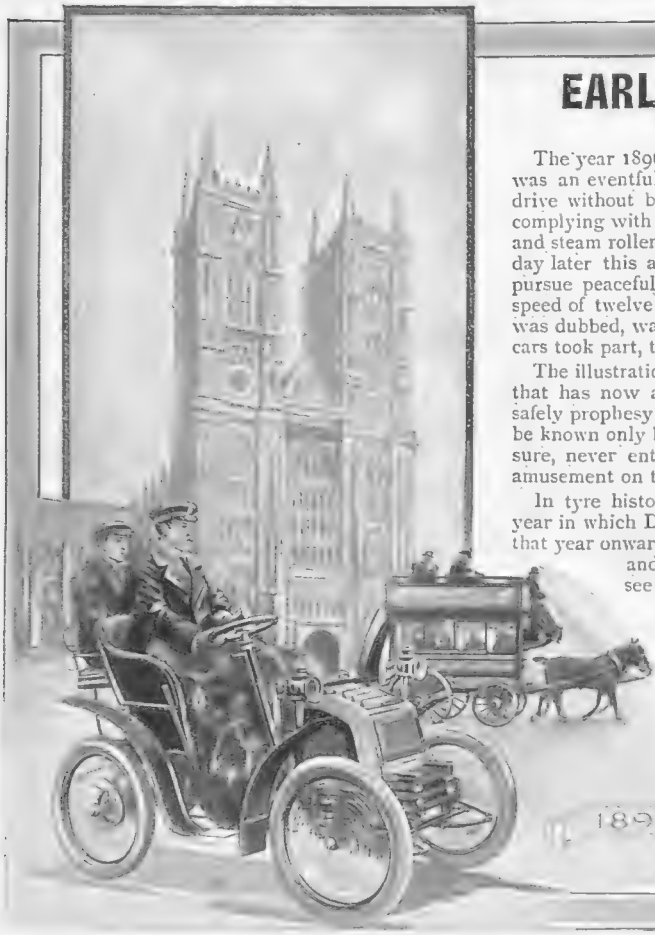
FREEZOMINT

CUSENIER —

and secure the original genuine

CREME de MENTHE

distilled in and imported direct from France



EARLY MOTOR CAR TYPES.

No. 5.—The Gladiator.

The year 1896, marked in the Dunlop Series by an early Gladiator car, was an eventful one in the history of motoring. On November 13th, to drive without being preceded by a man carrying a red flag, or without complying with the law laid down for the regulation of traction engines and steam rollers, was to pursue the direct road to the police station. A day later this anomaly was removed, and motor cars were allowed to pursue peacefully the path of evolution, though at the strictly limited speed of twelve miles per hour. Emancipation Day, as November 14th was dubbed, was celebrated by a drive to Brighton, in which thirty-three cars took part, thirteen surviving the journey.

The illustration is interesting also in that it shows a type of vehicle that has now almost disappeared from the London streets. One may safely prophesy that to the next generation the horse-drawn omnibus will be known only by pictorial representation. Such a thought, one may be sure, never entered the heads of the "outsides" as they gazed with amusement on the little Gladiator alongside in 1896.

In tyre history, too, 1896 has a special significance. It was the first year in which Dunlops came into general use for motor cars, and from that year onwards there has been a steady rise in both Dunlop quality and reliability, until, like the modern car, it is difficult to see in what way they can be improved.

DUNLOP

TYRES

FIRST IN 1888; FOREMOST EVER SINCE

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.
Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

"Sunshine is Life"

Choose the RIVIERA this Winter

Enjoy your favourite sport—indulge in rest or pleasure in brilliant sunshine. Hotel accommodation to suit everybody. Reasonable through fares. Special Excursions at cheap rates.

Booklet "Sun and Sports . . . in Winter". . . . and full information from ALL TOURIST AGENCIES

Or the P.L.M. Railway (Dept. F.), 179-180, Piccadilly, London, W.

P.L.M.

LUNTIN

by reason of its distinctive delicacy, fragrance, and flavour, will be your constant companion after the first pipeful.

BLENDED FROM MANY KINDS OF CHOICE TOBACCO

In three strengths—Mild, Medium, and Full.

1 oz., 6d.; 2 oz., 1/-; ¼ lb. tins, 2/.

Of all good tobacconists, or send stamps for desired amount to

Sole Manufacturers:
Thomson & Porteous, Edinburgh.

MIXTURE

MOTORING
By Land Sea & Sky

AMERICA IN ITALY

The illustration shows one of the best designed and equipped of American vehicles, the R.C.H., with left-hand steering, touring in Italy—actually in Turin. In the case of all cars sold in England the orthodox right-hand steering is, of course, adopted

Help!

Save us from our friends. If I am to believe a contributor to a technical contemporary, the motorist who takes a friend aboard and subsequently, by what is held to be negligent driving, throws his friend out again, or injures him, or causes him pain, the motorist is liable before the law for damages if the friend brings action and establishes his case.

The Legal Limit

This seems to be very close to the legal "limit." At the first blush the effect is distinctly depressing. In the largeness of our hearts and that spirit of charity which is the greatest of the three Biblical virtues, we give our friend (and how multitudinous are our friends when there's a car in the question and a spare seat available) a lift. We run him (the masculine embraces the feminine in this case, as in so many others) out for a free airing and a gratis exhilaration of soul. Graciously he allows us to pay for the lunch because it is unseemly that our position as host should for a moment, even remotely, be challenged; and, anyhow, a motorist is a modern Crœsus, and can afford to pay. All these and many other things we submit to without protest, because that would be churlish, and we know the friend knows it would be churlish. And now we are faced with the additional responsibility of specially protecting our friend from accident for fear he may imagine himself aggrieved and proceed to signify the same in a legal manner.

The Car-less Friend

We may go hang or take to crutches for the rest of our natural lives. Five hundred pounds' worth of our substance in the shape of a car may lie wrecked in a ditch. But the friend's broken arm must be paid for because it seemed to him that the accident was a matter of driving negligence, whereas it was, in point of fact, no more than bad luck or what the railway and other companies would call "act of God." What proof can we offer, in a large number of conceivable cases, to the contrary? We can only rely upon the sympathy of the jury, the fellow-feeling of the judge, and the mercy of the Court. And no man relied upon reeds more liable to breakage than these.

A Silver Lining

But there's a sunny side even to this lugubrious prospect. It will help us to find out our friends. Better still, it will encourage us to adopt the adage that "prevention is better than cure" to the requirements of the case. The idea is already working. Why is the two-seater so popular? Cheaper to run? Yes. But only in a minor way, so far as actual car expenditure is concerned. The real saving is effected because it eliminates the friend. The back seats are not available for him—and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts he gathers together for a joy-ride plus a possible free lunch. We want the two-seater for ourselves. He will try to make a three-seater of it, of course, but that need not come off, because it is so manifestly true that one cannot drive unless the legs and arms have sufficient play. We have an excuse that we may properly and reasonably urge. If we have a folding dickey-seat and we meet the friend on the road, it may be fatal unless we have foresight to fit the cover with a snap lock which requires a key to open; and then we can always explain with a fine air of vexation (it grows on one with practice) how, stupidly, we have left the key at home.

A MINOR MOTORIST

Master Napier Rugeroni, son of a prolific owner of, and dealer in, Napier cars in Lisbon, is a precocious youngster. He scorns the quiet delights of the bassinette, nothing save twenty miles of motoring per day will satisfy him. What happens when he doesn't get it is not recorded. Presumably he squalls. It is solemnly asserted that he knows more about car mechanism than a great many full-grown owner drivers. Um!

A Holy War

This new legal possibility will assist the good work. The coach-builders may not like it; but, then, no material reform is ever effected without pain to somebody. The elimination of the car-less friend who loves motoring is a material reform. The cost of petrol is as nothing to him in the sum of motoring cost. And yet our motoring organisations make no move. With the certain possibility of an enormous access of membership before them as a result of a determined campaign waged against the motoring dead-head, they make no move. They are blind to their chances. No wonder the motoring Press is full of criticism of their lack of initiative and their indifference to the real needs of their automobilious constituencies. Let them, therefore, organise a campaign—devote a special department to the work; let them scribe "Death to Deadheads" on their banners, and go out to wage the holiest war that has ever been waged since the Crusades. And their reward is certain.

ALEX. J. M. GRAY

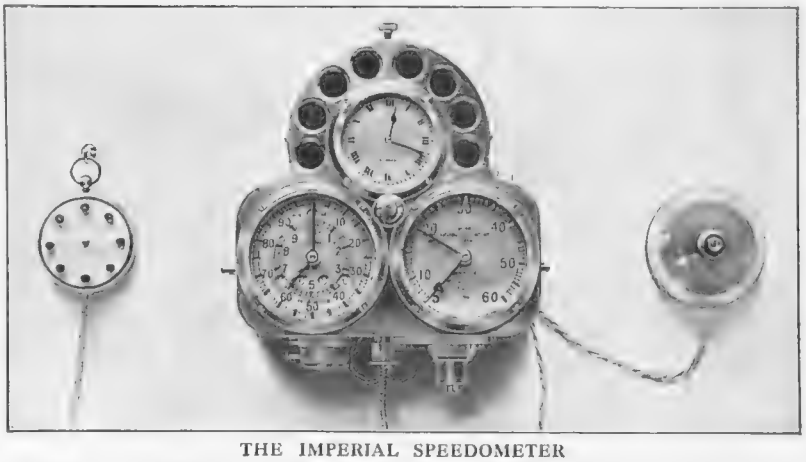
In Compression

Mann, Egerton and Company have come to Town. In Norwich and the district for many miles around the firm has builded a reputation for service not to be bettered, and only occasionally equalled. As car salesmen, coach-builders, and instructors in all things appertaining to car efficiency and car control and maintenance, they are as well known as any firm in the industry. Their advent at 377-381, Euston Road is a specially notable event. Which reminds me that during the Olympia Show Mr. Charles E. Hodges, a director of the firm, had the honour of personally conducting T.H. Prince Maurice and Prince Leopold of Battenberg during a two-hour tour of inspection of the exhibits. That is a tribute to a popular personality in the trade, as well as to the firm he directs and their Highnesses patronise.

Received an instruction book on the Leon-Boillée car, beautifully produced (like the car) and helpfully arranged and written. All owners of this famous French vehicle, and all who anticipate becoming owners (it would be an excellent choice, too) should send for a copy.

A recent cable which Mr. Vane is good enough to duplicate to me announces that a 15 h.-p. Colonial Model Napier won the Tasmanian Club Trials, taking highest points for reliability and hill climbing. An excellent score. Congratulations.

EXCELSIOR, "The Car of the Moment." 14-20 h.-p., 4-cylinder, complete with 5-seated Torpedo body, scuttle dash; 5 detachable wire wheels, hood, screen, headlamps, etc., £375. —H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 16, Pall Mall, S.W.



THE IMPERIAL SPEEDOMETER

Supplied by Frodsham's, a famous firm for delicate precision work, to H.I.M. the Emperor of Japan. Nine others went out for use by the Imperial Court. In solid silver or silver-gilt as to the interior fittings, and in solid brass externally, these speedometers are quite regally "de luxe." They include a maximum speed hand, a mileage recorder, a trip recorder, an eight-day watch, an electric chauffeur-communicator, with a centre lamp for illuminating each dial. Very beautiful instruments indeed, fit fittings for the cars of kings

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 479.—Vol. XXXVII. Wednesday, February 5, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: **HAMPTON & SONS** 37 GERRARD.

ESTATE AGENTS AUCTIONEERS VALUERS

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Without exception the most compact Fruit Farm available.

In the midst of lovely scenery,

OVERLOOKING THE LOVELY OKANAGAN LAKE.

At "'Ewings,' where irrigation is not necessary."

MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS are instructed to SELL by PRIVATE TREATY, at the low price of 11,500 dollars.

A MOST COMPACT FRUIT FARM OF 112 ACRES.

The grapes have taken first prize at Vernon Fruit Show.

Splendid soil. Good water supply. | Most productive orchard. | Nearly 100 18-year-old vines.

NUMEROUS SUBSTANTIAL OUTBUILDINGS.

Capital waggon road to Government wharf only quarter mile distant.

SHOOTING. FISHING.

—Further details of the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

GRAVEL SOIL. SOUTH ASPECT.

EMBRACING MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OVER HINDHEAD, IN THE HEART OF LOVELY COUNTRY

FOR SALE. PRICE, £2,500.

SURREY (near church, post and telegraph office).—This very charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with its many quaint features, including the thatched roof.

ON GRAVEL SOIL AND ENJOYING SOUTH ASPECT.

The carefully arranged accommodation comprises lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms (overlooking the grounds), 5 good bedrooms, excellent bathroom, boxroom, good offices. Company's water; motor-house and bicycle shed.

PRETTY GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES,

with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns, rose gardens, orchard, flower bed and borders, paddock.

HUNTING WITH 2 PACKS. 3 GOLF COURSES NEAR.

—Personally known to the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

600FT. UP.

RENT ONLY £100 PER ANNUM.

10 MINUTES FROM GOLF LINKS. HUNTING.

DERBYSHIRE.—To be LET, UNFURNISHED, this very charming RESIDENCE, commanding

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE FAMOUS DOVE VALLEY.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, | 8 beds, bath, | usual offices.

Ample stabling, cottage; petrol gas. The grounds include full-sized tennis lawn, 2 paddocks, etc.—Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CIMIEZ, NICE.

Owner unable to occupy delightful OLD-FASHIONED VILLA is anxious to LET same until May.

GOOD SANITATION AND WATER.

LOW RENT OF £120 WOULD BE ACCEPTED.

—Details from HAMPTON and SONS, Foreign Estates Department, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PRICE ONLY £2,100.

OWNER LEAVING FOR INDIA.

SURREY (8 minutes from Ashtead Station).—For SALE, FREEHOLD, charming BIJOU RESIDENCE, surrounded by lovely garden, 2 acres, in countrified situation. 6 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms. Electric light; Company's water; main drains.—Personally inspected by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London." TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (3 lines)

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Also New York, Winnipeg, Sydney, Victoria (B.C.) and Buenos Ayres.

UNDER 2 HOURS FROM LONDON.
TO BE SOLD.

A SMALL, COMPACT ESTATE with an old English MANOR HOUSE of Tudor origin, well sheltered from the North and East, and standing 400ft. above the sea. The wide carriage drive terminates in an old stone-flagged terrace, and the accommodation includes: 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, excellent domestic offices; electric light; stabling, garage; farmery; very beautiful pleasure grounds, rose garden, old well garden, orchard, productive kitchen gardens and meadowland, in all about 31 acres.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.

CHESHIRE.
1½ MILES FROM THE NEAREST STATION.
3 MILES FROM A MAIN LINE STATION.

TO BE SOLD, the above picturesque FARMHOUSE RESIDENCE, a very fine example of the black-and-white style of architecture, and situated just off the main road—Crewe to Manchester. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; Company's water, stabling, and outbuildings; well-laid-out pleasure gardens and grounds, lake, orchard, kitchen garden, and 2 paddocks, in all about

14 ACRES.

Price, £2,500.—Photos at offices of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (6,429)

MID-SUSSEX. MAGNIFICENT VIEWS OF THE SUSSEX DOWNS. IN A HEALTHY POSITION FACING SOUTH.

THIS ARTISTIC GABLED RESIDENCE to be SOLD, or LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED.—Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, day and night nurseries, 2 bathrooms, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. COMPANY'S WATER.
SMALL STABLING, GARAGE, AND MEN'S ROOMS.

Italian garden with stone-flagged walks leading to lily pond, pergola, tennis court, etc., in all about 5 ACRES.—Photos and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,619)

ABOUT 45 MILES FROM LONDON.

SUSSEX (about 2½ miles from station and within easy reach of village and church).—To be SOLD.

A very useful HORSE BREEDING or PLEASURE FARM of 212 ACRES, divided into good paddocks with river flowing through the centre. About 70 acres are arable and the remainder pasture with small woods and coverts. The Farmhouse commands extensive views, and is surrounded by pasture-land, forming a miniature park, and contains: entrance hall, dining room, drawing room, excellent offices, 2 staircases, 5 bedrooms; the buildings include large barn, yards, ample sheds, stock yards, cart stabling and nag stabling of 7 loose boxes, 12 stalls, coach-house, 6 capital foaling boxes, and small pharmacy; pair of capital cottages; good gardens and grounds; there is a good mixed shoot of pheasants, partridges, snipe, hares, and plenty of rabbits.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (5,476)

IN A FAVOURITE DISTRICT.

SUSSEX (1½ miles from station, ½ mile from church, near post, etc.).—TO BE SOLD, OR LET ON LEASE.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE, OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, standing in finely timbered grounds of nearly 14 acres. It is placed on an eminence commanding excellent views of the pretty surrounding country, and contains: inner hall with wide gallery above, drawing room, dining room, library, good offices; approached by 2 staircases are 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.

COMPANY'S WATER IS LAID ON.

The stabling consists of 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, man's room, and coach-house; small farmery; excellent cottage; the gardens are especially charming, being laid out in grass terraces with steps, tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, fine walled kitchen garden, etc., the remainder consisting of rich parklike lands.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,718)

SURREY.
BETWEEN THE THAMES AND VIRGINIA WATER,
40 MINUTES BY FAST TRAIN TO LONDON.

TO BE SOLD, or to LET, UNFURNISHED, on Lease, this substantially built old-fashioned HOUSE, covered in creepers and climbing roses, approached by an avenue, with a lodge at entrance. It contains: entrance hall, double drawing room, smoke room, dining room, excellent offices, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, store room, etc.

GRAVEL SOIL. GAS AND COMPANY'S WATER.

Extensive range of stabling for 3 or 4, coach or motor-house for 4, coachman's house, and excellent outbuildings. The gardens are exceptionally well timbered, and include 2 large productive kitchen gardens, 2 tennis lawns, winding walks and shrubberies, SMALL LAKE AND STREAM, 3 good meadows, in all 9 acres. Part of purchase money can remain.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (5,822)

TELEPHONE NOS: Mayfair 2777 and Gerrard 6852. Yeovil 43.

WILSON & GRAY

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES: "Wilsogra, London." "Wilsogra, Yeovil."

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND PRINCIPAL AGENCY FOR TUDOR, ELIZABETHAN, AND OLD-FASHIONED PROPERTIES of interest for SALE or for LETTING, Furnished or Unfurnished. Owners and Applicants *can obtain expert and reliable information and advice.*

RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

WILTS, DORSET, SOMERSET, HANTS, CORNWALL, DEVON.
WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL, are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF BERKS, 2 MILES FROM A STATION, WHENCE LONDON CAN BE REACHED IN LESS THAN ¾ OF AN HOUR.

£6,000 FREEHOLD.—The above depicted fine old-fashioned RESIDENCE, fitted with
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND RADIATORS,
and containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, beautiful suite of reception rooms, billiard room, etc.; excellent stabling and garage.
PERFECT OLD GARDENS,
comprising magnificent lawns and flower gardens, lavishly stocked fruit and vegetable gardens, glass-houses, etc., in all a little over 5 acres.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

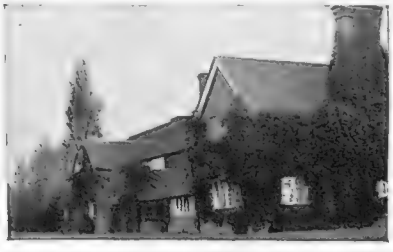
CLOSE TO THE GLORIOUS WYE VALLEY 7½ MILES FROM MONMOUTH.

£5,000. 160 acres.
CHOICE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE,
Intersected by small trout stream.
PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE,
in a unique position, 500 yards from road. *High position, superb views:* 8 bedrooms, bath-room, large hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, garage; cottage;
GRAND OLD GARDENS AND PARK.
—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Highly recommended from personal inspection.

IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

A BARGAIN PRICE will be accepted for
A CHARMING LITTLE PLEASURE FARM
OF **232** ACRES,
practically all grass, but interspersed with wood-land and intersected by a small trout stream. Picturesque modern HOUSE: 5 bedrooms, bath-room, 2 reception rooms; standing ¼ mile back from road in pretty gardens; first-rate buildings; 3 cottages.—Personally inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

SURREY.—In the beautiful neighbourhood of Witley and Godalming; glorious views; perfect scenery.



A BARGAIN PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED for the above
BEAUTIFUL OLD RED BRICK HOUSE AND CHARMING GROUNDS OF 4 ACRES.
Grand galleried hall, 30 by 20, with massive oak beams and rafters exposed to view; 3 reception and billiard rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BEAUTIFUL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE
with
50 OR 250 ACRES.

FOR SALE, AT A LOW PRICE.—Hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
SUPERB OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.
300 yds. carriage drive, with lodge.
DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.
—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—In a choice position, standing 300ft. above sea level, with beautiful views.

FOR SALE, AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 225 ACRES.
Beautiful modern house, approached by carriage drive with lodge: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; Com-pany's water; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling, garage; cottages, farm-buildings.
SINGULARLY CHARMING GARDENS.
—WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

GENUINE OLD JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE.
3 miles from the Dorset Coast.

A SINGULARLY CHOICE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON EXCEPTIONAL TERMS: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 recep-tion rooms, billiard room.
FINE OLD OAK PANELLING.
Stabling. Garage.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF 9 ACRES.
—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, and at Yeovil.

WANBOROUGH MANOR, GUILDFORD.
THIS RENOWNED HISTORIC FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 650 ACRES (more if required) can be purchased on REMARKABLY LOW TERMS.

BEAUTIFUL EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MANOR HOUSE WITH LOVELY OLD-WORLD TOPIARY AND OTHER GARDENS.
10 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, grand old staircase, 4 magnificent reception rooms with oak panelling;
stabling, lodges, 2 farmhouses, several cottages.
NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.
LORDSHIP OF MANOR AND ADVOWSON INCLUDED.
RENT ROLL, £850 PER ANNUM.
Several good coverts. Partridge shooting excellent. Near golf course. Recommended as the cheapest and most attractive property of this size for sale in the Home Counties.—Plans and photos can be obtained from the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

Offices: 100, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

Telegrams: "Everything, London"

HARRODS (LTD.)

Telephones: { Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

RENT, £110 PER ANNUM.

SURREY, EFFINGHAM COMMON—To be LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally attractive HOUSE, standing in

PRETTY OLD GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.

It contains: lounge hall with old oak beams, drawing room, dining room with old oak beams, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; motor garage and small stable; Company's water laid on. RENT, ONLY £110 PER ANNUM.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (13,557)

£1,000 CASH. £3,750 ON MORTGAGE.

A CHANCE THAT MUST NOT BE MISSED.

ONE OF THE CHOICEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE PROPERTIES IN THE MARKET.

SURREY (only 40 minutes from London, in an ideal position, 700ft. above sea level).—COMMANDING GLORIOUS VIEWS, and surrounded by pretty terraced grounds of 5½ acres, with tennis lawn, kitchen and flower gardens, etc.: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms; excellent stabling, motor-house, and rooms over; lodge; Company's water, gas.—Inspected and recommended with every confidence by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£850 WILL PURCHASE a compact little PROPERTY in Devon: lounge hall, drawing room, 4 bed, bath, workshop; petrol air-gas; good well-stocked garden, ½ of an acre.—Full details of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (14,507)

PRICE, £1,600, FREEHOLD.

DORSET AND HANTS BORDERS (in a favourite part).—To be SOLD, at a very moderate price, the above EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; motor garage; WELL-WOODED GROUNDS, 3 to 4 ACRES; gas and water laid on.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FELIXSTOWE (on the outskirts of the best residential part of the town, facing the sea, and midway between station and golf links).—The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and usual domestic offices. VERY PRETTY GARDENS of about 1¼ acres with full-sized croquet lawn; garage for 2 cars; useful outbuildings.

Main water and drainage; electric light.

—Full details from the Agents, Mr. ALFRED E. SPEAR, Felixstowe, and HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who have inspected and recommend the house as a well-fitted and comfortable gentleman's home. (14,703)

TO LAND INVESTORS.

ON THE BORDERS OF HEREFORD, WORCESTER, AND GLOS.—Unique BUILDING SITE of

6½ ACRES.

On the Southern side of Hereford Beacon, 800ft. up, commanding magnificent views. Also

26½ ACRES

of good sound pasture-land. Plentiful water supply from own springs. For SALE Privately, or by AUCTION at an early date.—Particulars with plan of the Auctioneers, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHOOTING OVER 3,000 ACRES.

A FEW MILES FROM AN IMPORTANT TOWN.

EAST ANGLIA.

TO BE SOLD, AN IMPOSING RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 800 ACRES, comprising the above attractive mansion, with suite of reception rooms, 17 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.

MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK OF 120 ACRES.

Two long carriage drives with lodges, ample stabling, several cottages, farmery, including also an ADVOWSON OF LIVING AND MANOR. Shooting over 3,000 acres can be rented, or the mansion and shooting might be let.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN IDEAL PROPERTY.

NEW FOREST BORDERS.

Ideal situation; near golf links; 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, excellent offices.

TO BE SOLD, at once, under unusual circumstances, this most charming HOUSE, in fully matured grounds of 3 acres, with excellent stabling and COTTAGE. Inspected and strongly recommended.—Apply, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester, (5,601)

90 MINUTES' RUN FROM TOWN BY A GOOD SERVICE OF TRAINS.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a term of years, one of the most attractive SEATS (illustrated above) of its character, affording accommodation for entertaining on a large scale, complete with all modern conveniences; shooting, fishing, and hunting. Very nominal rent and small up-keep.—Recommended by the Owner's Agents, EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester.

FURNISHED COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

EDWIN FEAR and WALKER have a very large SELECTION of all the available HOUSES in the SOUTH and SOUTH-WESTERN COUNTIES, and will be pleased to send details upon receipt of requirements.—Estate Offices, Winchester.

HOUSE HUNTERS' BUREAU,

38, Conduit Street, Regent Street, W.

Telephone: 1401 Gerrard.

For Properties in any part of the United Kingdom.

Apply for "HOUSE HUNTING," an Illustrated Guide of Properties throughout the country.

HOVE.—3 small HOUSES, with motor garage to each: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, and 2 reception rooms; close to sea front. Rentals, £60 per annum each, or would be SOLD.

SOUTHGATE.—A well-built COUNTRY HOUSE situated in well-arranged grounds, and approached by a carriage drive, the whole covering about 1½ acres. The accommodation comprises: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 spacious reception rooms, and ample offices; stabling and greenhouses. Price, £2,700, Freehold; or would be Let at £120 per annum.

WINCHMORE HILL.—Charming detached RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 2½ acres. It contains: 5 good bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception and full-sized billiard room, kitchen and offices; detached stabling and motor-house. Rent, £125 p.a. Price, £3,000 (Freehold).

UPPER NORWOOD.—Detached Family RESIDENCE, on high ground: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; large garden. Rent, £80 per annum. Price, Freehold, £1,600.

GUILDFORD (on the outskirts).—To be SOLD or LET, choice COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, excellent offices, with servants' hall; stabling and coach-house; beautifully timbered grounds of 2½ acres; main drainage; gas and water. Rent, £150. Price, £3,000. Open to offer.

RHYL.—Semi-detached RESIDENCE near sea, South aspect: 2 entertaining, 5 bedrooms, bath, etc. £38.

WALTON.—A detached COUNTRY RESIDENCE, conveniently situated for shops, station, etc. It stands well back from the road and is approached by a carriage drive. The accommodation consists: 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, domestic offices; nice garden with tennis lawn. Rent, £160 per annum.

EAST CROYDON (5 minutes' walk of main line station).—A modern HOUSE, arranged on 2 floors; 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms, and offices; garden. Rent, £40 per annum.

Apply for "HOUSE HUNTING," an Illustrated Guide of Properties throughout the Country.

NORTH DEVON.—To be LET, Furnished, for a term of years, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, with splendid view of Dartmoor, containing: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, and good offices; stabling and garage; perfect sanitation and water supply; lighted by acetylene gas; conservatory and greenhouses, and a very productive walled kitchen garden; paddock about 4 acres. Hunting with 3 packs. 250 acres good shooting, more if required; exclusive right of 1 mile of good trout fishing.—Apply, WILLIAM RISDON MONK, Okehampton.

WANTED TO BUY OR RENT, Unfurnished, in the QUORN, Cottesmore, or Mr. Fernie's Hunts, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, containing: 12 to 15 bedrooms, 3 or 4 reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices. A high situation is essential, with good views; also near telegraphic village and station. There must be stabling for at least 12 horses; nice pleasure grounds, and from 100 to 150 ACRES OF LAND is desired. Good social neighbourhood, and not isolated situation.—Send full particulars to Box B 20, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C. All communications treated in strictest confidence.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN. NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc.—Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TELEGRAMS: "Mercerai, London."

F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

HEALTHY HAMPSHIRE.

BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND FARNHAM ('midst glorious country).—CHARMING BIJOU RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; stabling, motor-house; pretty pleasure grounds, tennis court, lawns, kitchen and flower gardens, pleasure farm, paddock, large orchard, in all about 4 ACRES. BARGAIN, £2,500.—Photos and full particulars of F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A CHARMING MINIATURE ESTATE.
HUNTING. FISHING. BOATING. GOLF.

NEAR OXFORD.—A genuine old picturesque JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order: lounge halls, 3 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 13 bedrooms, mullioned windows.
GAS. MAIN WATER. GRAVEL SOIL.
Stabling, garage, farmery; very pretty and beautifully timbered pleasure grounds and
PARKLANDS OF 47 ACRES,
bounded by river. Bargain, £6,500; with 27 acres, £5,500; or with 19 acres, £4,500; or a Sale with less land would be entertained.

TIMES' PRICE BARGAIN.
PICTURESQUE NORTH DEVON.—High up, with views to Dartmoor, Exmoor, and Cornish Hills.
HUNTING, SHOOTING, FISHING, GOLF.
PICTURESQUE COUNTRY HOME: lounge hall, 3 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; farmery, pretty pleasure grounds, and pasture-land, in all about 46 ACRES. Hot and cold water, gas, modern drainage. BARGAIN, £2,400.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN IDEAL COUNTRY HOME NEAR REIGATE.
MAIN WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE.
GAS AVAILABLE.

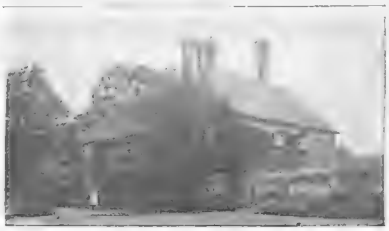
50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—Lounge hall, 4 reception, billiard, bath, 11 bedrooms; stabling, garage; pretty black-and-white cottage; beautifully wooded and matured gardens of 3½ ACRES. High up; lovely views; golf near. Bargain, £3,500.
—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX FARMHOUSE.

ONE HOUR FROM TOWN.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 6 bedrooms; full of oak; perfect order.
BEAUTIFUL OLD GARDENS AND GRASSLANDS 13 ACRES.
Company's water; acetylene gas; shooting, hunting, golf. Price, £2,500.—Photos, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

A LINK WITH THE PAST.
A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

SURREY (50 minutes from Town).—RARE OLD PANELLING and STAIRCASE, STONE MULLIONED WINDOWS: sitting hall, billiard, 3 reception, 2 bath, 13 bedrooms; stabling for 6; garage, farmery, 2 cottages; charming OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS and meadows of 16 ACRES. PERFECTLY RESTORED IN KEEPING WITH ITS CHARACTER, AND WITH EDUCATED TASTE AND JUDGMENT.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.



HISTORICAL PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE. FULL OF OAK.

KENT ('midst lovely country between Ashford and Rye).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; in perfect order; beautiful old pleasure grounds; stabling; extensive massively constructed buildings; 4 cottages, and
233 ACRES OF RICH LAND.
Bargain, £7,000. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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SPECIALISTS IN COUNTRY HOUSE APPLIANCES.
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Electric Heating and Lighting. Acetylene Lighting. Citex Fire Extinguisher. Water Raising & Distributing Plant. Pasteur Filters.

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

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WALTHAM CROSS, Ltd.

The largest collection of Roses in the country and the plants unsurpassed, if equalled, anywhere for quantity and quality. Roses in pots, both dwarf and ramblers, are extra fine this season. The formation of *Rose Gardens* a speciality. Books on Roses. Upwards of 1,000 First Prizes and Gold and other Medals over the past 50 years. Priced list post free on application.

Sole Postal Address:
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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Pocket Money for you

Don't hoard your old jewellery, etc.; turn it into cash at Frasers.

Highest Prices Given. { Valuable Antiques, Pendants, Necklets, Old Watches, etc. } Offer sent by return

R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Goldsmiths, &c.
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IPSWICH

Frasers OF IPSWICH

Rowland's Odonto

is positively the best preparation you can use for

YOUR TEETH,

as it is beautifully soft and smooth, contains no acid or gritty ingredients, and provides the *necessary friction* for the teeth, without which tartar cannot be prevented or removed. It

WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS DECAY,

and, being beautifully perfumed,

GIVES DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE TO THE BREATH.

Sold in 2/9 Boxes by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

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IS THE ONLY DAILY NEWSPAPER GIVING
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BOOTMAKERS ESTABLISHED 1871

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HUNTING, SHOOTING AND WALKING BOOTS.

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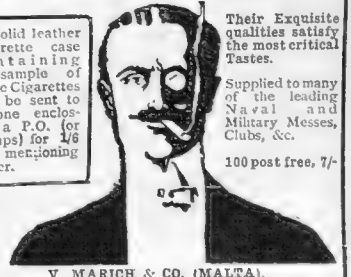
SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.



Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

Supplied to many of the leading Naval and Military Messes, Clubs, &c.

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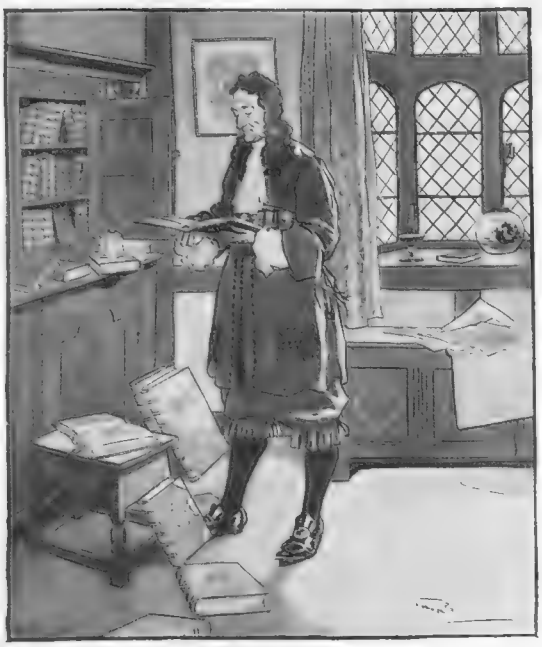

A friend to philosophers; a tranquil companion for the connoisseur; a rare solace for all smokers—such is "Three Nuns." A pipe of this fine, old-fashioned blend of pure tobaccos has inspired happy content in millions—and still ranks first of "good smokes."

Bell's

THREE NUNS

Tobacco

"King's Head" is similar, but stronger.

Both are obtainable everywhere at

6½d. per oz.

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CIGARETTES

3d. for 10.

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815 × 105	4 7 6	1 5 6
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"Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor."

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Every Shave a Safe Shave!

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New Model Set with Twelve Blades 7/6
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OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, ETC.,

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The largest Mutual Life Office in the United Kingdom

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¶ This Society is conducted solely in the interests of the Members, to whom belong the whole of the Profits. There are no Shareholders. Every Policyholder is a partner in the business. Large Bonuses, Liberal Conditions, Absolute Security.

¶ At last Bonus Division nearly £3,000,000 was divided. It is anticipated that the handsome rate of Bonus hitherto declared will be fully maintained at forthcoming Division. To share in this Division, application should not be delayed.

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Write for Bonus-Year Prospectus.
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FREE OFFER TO EVERY READER

THIS NEW HAIR SOAP

(containing very costly ingredients) should be in the hands of every person whose hair is grey or going grey.

Interested readers may have a full-sized 1/- tablet free to test its merits without expense. Full description of its properties and instructions for use with each tablet. Send 1½d. stamp for postage.

1/- TABLET OF "VILIXIR" SPECIAL HAIR SOAP FREE

THE VILIXIR Co., LTD., DEPT 2, BROMLEY, KENT.

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The Watch of matchless merit

Price One Guinea and upwards, at all leading watchmakers

A wine for cultured tastes, and one of the choicest of France.

Ackerman-Laurance "Dry-Royal"

"The Best Value in Sparkling Wine."

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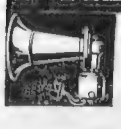

The far-flung note of the Klaxon Horn effectively warns distant traffic of your approach and enables the car to proceed without stopping or slowing down. *Kindly send cost-card today for handsome booklet, mentioning "Bystander."*

The KLAXON Co., Ltd., 41, Great Portland St., LONDON, W.

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AFTER SHAVING, USE

ELVIRA'S VANISHING CREAM.

A small quantity applied after each shave will allay all irritation set up by the razor, remove redness, burning sensation, and prevent chapping, leaving the skin beautifully cool and clear. It disappears immediately after application, and is guaranteed not to make the skin greasy.

Send for a jar to-day, price 2/6 and 5/-. *Address:* Dept. B., 4*a*, Lower Belgrave St., London, S.W.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

The Cult of the Complexion

Complexion perfection is greatly a matter of cultivation. If every woman made it a daily practice to gently massage her face with La-rola, she would possess a clear and soft complexion rivalling the peach in delicacy and hue.

BEETHAM'S **La-rola** is indispensable during the winter months. It removes—and prevents—all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, and Chaps, and is excellent for use in hard water. Bottles, 1/-, 2/6 each of all Chemists and Stores.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Send us 3d. and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc. (Dept. By.)

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM

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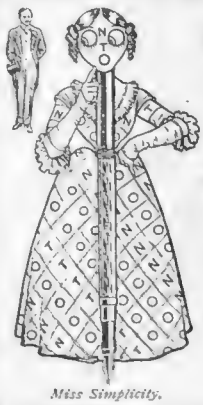
HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Madame ELVIRA,

SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,
4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.
(Under Royal Patronage.) Telephone: 6017 Victoria.



Miss Simplicity.

The British *Maid*

"My name is Onoto. My business is to simplify writing. My character ('quick, reliable worker, very clean, gives no trouble whatsoever') speaks for itself."

The Onoto Pen simplifies writing because:
1.—It needs no filler. It fills itself—instantly—without any mess or trouble; and will then write 20,000 words without further attention.
2.—It cannot leak. Once closed, the Onoto becomes a sealed tube, and can be safely carried at any angle—even upside down. Get one to-day. You can always select a nib to suit your handwriting.

Onoto
British and Best

GUARANTEE.—The Onoto is British made. It is designed to last a lifetime; but, if it should ever go wrong, the makers will immediately put it right, free of cost.

Price **10/6** and upwards of all Stationers, Jewellers, and Stores. Booklet about the Onoto Pen free on application to Thos. De La Rue & Co., Ltd., 215, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

Ask for ONOTO INK—best for all Pens.

D. H. EVANS & CO., Ltd.

INEXPENSIVE MILLINERY
INDISPENSABLE FOR
EARLY SPRING WEAR.

A PLIABLE STRAW KNOCKABOUT HAT.

In various mixed colours and black.
Underlined silk as illustrated.

PRICE **5/11**

290-320, OXFORD STREET, W.

Carriage Paid throughout the Kingdom.

Tel. 8454 Gerrard

GOWNS
TAILOR MADES

French Staff.

Mascotte

89, PARK STREET, PARK LANE, W.

His parents were afraid he would never be reared

but thanks to Mellin's Food he was soon on health's high road, furnishing still another instance of the power of Mellin's Food as a body builder and creator of vitality.

Mr. JOHN MAY, the father (Balham Hill, S.W.), writes:—"We tried Mellin's Food, and from the first he took it readily. We were afraid he would never be reared, but at six months he was a fine, healthy child."

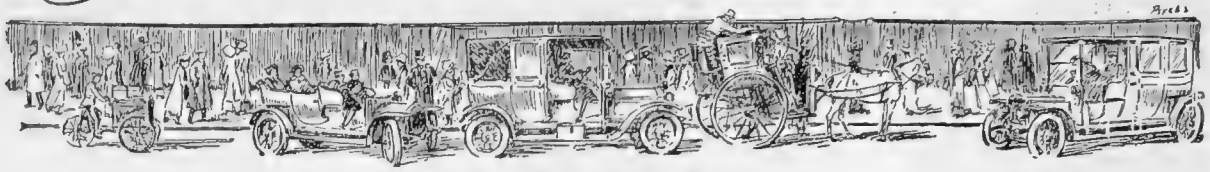
Is *your* child weakly and fretful? Give Mellin's Food a chance to prove again its so oft-proved value.

A sample of Mellin's Food, sufficient to prove its value, and a 50-page Handbook for Mothers on "The Care of Infants" sent free: mention paper, & address Sample Dept.

MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

Mellin's Food

Fashion's Fancies.



By MRS. JACK MAY

DRESS is a perpetual subject of surprises. Nowadays the dull season is almost unknown. *Modistes* and milliners alike see to that, and prominent among the surprises to come my way during the past week are early spring straw hats at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street.

Even my seasoned experience stood amazed before the wealth of choice that obtains here already in the guise of useful semi-trimmed straw hats. And the straws, let me quickly chronicle, are chiefly pedal and tagal, while the extremely moderate prices put the coping-stone on a story that arouses one to real enthusiasm.

The Pictured Examples

Some idea of this *chapeau* opportunity may be gathered from the two pictorial examples. The "Tricorne" is quite a little dressy affair, the crown of dull gold-coloured straw, with the brim faced with a deep Japan-blue straw. At the one side the brim is caught up by such an effective wing mount, obviously made up, with a centre of soft magenta-toned feathers flanked by a line of kingfisher-blue, while just at the tips a few white touches are introduced. The *ensemble* is altogether delightful, and the price is only 14*s.* 11*d.*, Messrs. D. H. Evans furthermore enhancing its value by running the model through a long range of combinations.

TWO EARLY SPRING STRAW HATS

The top sketch illustrates a low-crowned "chapeau" in purple tagal, the crown simply banded with a Nattier blue Ottoman ribbon; the lower picture shows the dressy little "Tricorne." Both hats are fully described on this page, and were sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans by Dorothy Millar

The other hat is one of those useful low-crowned shapes that are never out of place in the country and look quite smart for morning wear in Town. The actual model sketched was in purple tagal, the crown simply banded with a Nattier blue Ottoman ribbon ornamented at intervals with little satin *cabochons* in a soft damask shade. Simple though this is in general expression, the *chic* of the whole is unmistakable, and the cost 21*s.* 9*d.*, while the choice of colours is even more inexhaustible than is the case in the first instance.

Pay a Visit

The acumen of the authority at Messrs. D. H. Evans in foreseeing so obvious a demand cannot be too highly commended. These hats are not standing on the order of their selling, every day testifying to the need they supply, and I could easily exhaust the whole of my space detailing the various styles offered. As things seen, however, are far more convincing than things told, I would earnestly advise everyone in a position to do so to pay an early visit to this emporium in Oxford Street; or, failing that, to send for a box of these *chapeaux* on approval, Messrs. D. H. Evans always responding most generously to such a request provided the usual formalities are observed with customers who are not on their books.

The Erect Aigrette and Feather

Alike in hats and *coiffures*, this is the dominant note of the moment. And on the whole we may accept it with gratitude as preferable to those feathery adjuncts worn at an acute angle, and entirely beyond the control of the wearer. At the theatre, for example, it is quite possible to see the stage sitting behind a head adorned

with an osprey or feather measuring ten or twelve inches high, provided it is set up erect. A favourite ornament comprises a mingling of soft uncurled ostrich fronds and osprey mounted exactly in centre front of a metal or jewelled *bandeau*. The latter are necessarily worn well forward, in true Greek style, pushing forward just a few soft tendrils of hair.

The *penchant* for black aigrettes is unquestionable. Jewellers have naturally annexed the idea with avidity, since no more admirable background could be found for their beautiful diamond *cabochon* ornaments and *parures*. In fact, not only in the Rue de la Paix, but among our own most exclusive establishments, the aid of a black aigrette is not scorned as an accessory to the newest *coiffure* achievements. A tulle *bandeau* edged with fur is a novelty, though one of doubtful quality.

Similarly with millinery of *habillée* order, the foot-high feather aigrette or ribbon loop is in nine cases out of ten set up erect, the tenth observing an equally pronounced outward angle over the back, but one kept more or less low.

MESSRS. HEAL'S EXHIBIT AT THE CHILDRENS' WELFARE EXHIBITION

Lace Sur-Coats

A marked fancy has sprung up for these in connection with evening toilettes, and remarkably well they look allied to some gracefully draped skirt of brocade. In fact, they are quite sufficiently uncommon at present immediately to arrest the eye wherever they are seen. They also provide an original suggestion for a wedding gown, the sides descending somewhat longer than would be the case with an evening gown, and probably just hinting a pannier *mouvement*. The latter, by the way, is by no means as *démodé* as many *modistes* would have us believe. And we have full verification of the fact in the gowns worn by Miss Marie Tempest in the new play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. A notoriously advanced dresser, Miss Tempest's selection as Esther Castways is replete with good taste. The pure white brocade worn in the first act, merely relieved by two deep red roses, is a very revelation of skilfully handled draperies, beneath which the eye detects the beautiful outline of the figure, while a remarkable feature of the delicate pink satin evening gown is long wing sleeves of pink tulle, a revival that is a very *succès fou* in Paris.

At the Children's Welfare Exhibition

Messrs. Heal and Son have arranged an interesting series of rooms on the ground floor of the Children's Welfare Exhibition, which shows plainly what this firm can do to provide sensibly designed furniture for children's rooms. The nine rooms exhibited may be briefly described as follows: The day nursery is a bright, cheerful room in excellent taste, containing no sharp corners. It is furnished with plain, strong, simple pieces, which can be easily washed. The night nursery shows the nurse's bed thoughtfully screened off, the children having a bed recess to themselves. The room is thoroughly restful, and is a splendid example of the way a room of this kind should be treated. The boys' room takes the form of a combined bed and sitting-room, providing a healthy and useful apartment for rest, work, or recreation. The girls' room is delightfully fresh and dainty, the furniture being hand-painted with florets and leaves. The children's bathroom is well contrived for the use of the children and the nursery-maid. The nursery china store contains an assortment of gay and pleasant crockery—not too expensive to minimise the seriousness of breakages. Two other rooms complete the series, viz., the governess's room, arranged as a comfortable sitting-room with bed recess, and the schoolroom. This latter is eminently a work-room, but, unlike many workrooms, is a bright, light room, anything but depressing. It has a gay tea-table recess.

"The Nursery Book"

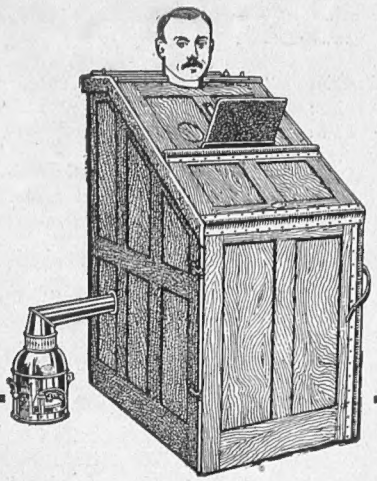
A little publication of Heal and Son's, entitled "The Nursery Book," will be sent to those discerning parents who appreciate the desirability of furnishing the nursery in a simple and artistic manner. In a happy foreword at the beginning of the book the importance of bright and cheerful environment at a time of life when children are keenly susceptible to their surroundings, is emphasised in a clear and common sense manner. Those of our readers who have their children's welfare at heart will be amply repaid by a visit to this really excellent exhibit of Heal and Son's at the Children's Welfare Exhibition.

Knowledge in a Nutshell

A dictionary, atlas, gazetteer, and other useful general information is not always to be had for 1s. net cloth or 1s. 6d. net limp leather. This "knowledge in a nutshell" book has just been published by Messrs. David Bryce and Son, of Glasgow. It is handy, up to date, and a real storehouse of information on every subject, in the best and most concise form.

A Striking Engraving

A striking engraving, after Mr. Ernest Cope's portrait of the Prince of Wales, exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, has recently been published by Messrs. William Doig and Co., of 10, New Bond Street, W.



FOOT'S BATH CABINET

All the delights and benefits of every form of Hot Air, Vapour, Perfumed, and Medicated Baths can be enjoyed privately, economically, and with absolute safety in your own room.

Our Patent Folding Cabinets possess several exclusive advantages and embrace every desirable feature. No others are so safe or give such entire satisfaction. The following are some points of their superiority:

1st—Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater.
2nd—Adjustable Seat.
3rd—Heat Regulator.
4th—The Bather is not fastened by the neck to the Cabinet.
5th—Exit is easy and immediate. No assistant is required.
6th—Durability and Perfect Hygiene.

Dr. GORDON STABLES says: "FOOT'S BATH CABINET IS THE BEST."

Prices from 35s. Write for "Bath Book" No. 22.

J. FOOT & SON LTD. (Dept. B 22), 171, New Bond Street, LONDON, W.

Improvements in Face, Nose & Neck

How we envy the favoured one who is endowed with good looks. Our feeling is the more keen because we have been taught to regard beauty as a gift which is beyond us.

Now this is altered, for most astounding transformations are being effected daily by means of a wonderful new treatment introduced from the Continent by Mr. C. H. Willi, who is able by new and exclusive methods to remove, painlessly and permanently, those tired lines round the eyes and mouth, which so often appear in early middle life; to fill up hollows in cheeks and neck (salt cellars), to lift sagging cheeks and to correct unsightly noses.

The face after the treatment looks years younger. The skin becomes beautifully soft and fresh, puffs and rings under the eyes are eradicated, flabbiness disappears, and a perfect girlish contour is restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming, or paraffin injections. The new method is superseding all these time-worn remedies, for it is more convenient and thorough, as well as quicker, in wiping every ugly blemish from the face.

It is only necessary to pay one or two visits and you may leave with all blemishes permanently and painlessly removed. Absolute confidence in the efficacy of the methods employed enables Mr. C. H. Willi to guarantee to give entire satisfaction in every case which is undertaken. But the most marvellous thing is that this great improvement of appearance, which you can see in the glass before leaving, lasts for all time. The one cost is the last. No more visits, and no more charges—the work has been so thoroughly done that nothing can mar the good looks newly bestowed. We all know the power of beauty to attract and please, and we know also with what pity — almost amounting to contempt—a plain person is always regarded. All who are conscious of facial defects should go straight to 475, Oxford Street, for a consultation with Mr. C. H. Willi, free of all cost.

Book B.S. "Facial Perfection" sent free on request.

Mr. C. H. WILLI, 475, Oxford St. (Near Selfridge's) **London, W.**

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT, and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-,** of all Chemists and Stores. Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY, SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Use Calox night and morning

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

To give the teeth a thorough brushing *each morning* is only half a way of keeping them in order. It is through the *night hours* that the destructive bacilli do their worst mischief—while we sleep.

Doubly important, then, to use Calox freely both *night and morning*. Then and then only does Calox yield its full and quite unrivalled dental benefit. Calox in use liberates oxygen, the finest natural purifier known to science; this oxygen ensures that health of gum tissue, that freedom from bacterial mischief, and that breath purity which are properly valued wherever refinement exists.

SAMPLE OF CALOX & BOOK FREE

Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting metal boxes at **1/1½** by chemists, stores, &c.

The Calox Tooth Brush enables you to reach and clean every part of the tooth, **1/-** everywhere.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

The Editor's Box

The Empire

Mlle. Lydia Kyasht, who has for the last ten weeks been making enormous successes at Berlin, Buda-Pesth, and Vienna as *première danseuse* to the Russian Ballet, is to make her reappearance at the Empire Theatre in an entirely new ballet-idyll.

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

The pantomime *Aladdin*, which runs till Saturday here, will be followed on Monday by Benson's Shakespearean Repertoire Company.

"African World" Publications

I have received a set of special editions and publications issued by the *African World* in connection with the current season in Egypt and the Sudan. These include a Royal Sudan Souvenir Number of the visit of their Majesties to Port Sudan by the *Medina*; the Egypt and Sudan Annual; the fascinating Egypt and Sudan Guide; and the tourist map of the Anglo-African Nile to Egypt, the Sudan, and Uganda, newly drawn and completed up to date.

Coffee in Three Minutes

A really good cup of coffee after dinner is a thing but seldom met with, even in the best of houses, owing to the fact that few people know how to prepare it. Since, however, the "Cona" Coffee Percolator has been introduced, this inability need exist no longer. Neat, elegant, easily taken to pieces and easily cleaned—within the space of three minutes the most excellent coffee is made on the dining-table. All the aroma of the coffee is retained and no objectionable coffee-grounds are left. For this reason the "Cona" Coffee Percolator ought to appeal to everyone who appreciates a good cup of coffee.

Photograph Keturah Collings

Mrs. James Buchanan

Who, with her husband, gave a ball at their country house, Lavington Park, Petworth, on the 8th ult., in honour of the début of their only daughter, Miss Catherine Buchanan. The beautiful new ball-room was used for the first time

A Successful Business

Messrs. B. Cubitt and Co., of 223, Oxford Street, have removed to 3, Hanover Street, W. The business having outgrown the premises, Messrs. B. Cubitt and Co. have been compelled to take more commodious ones, after being established in Oxford Street since 1860. The business is being conducted on a first floor as formerly, where Mr. Cubitt caters for the man who requires good tailoring at moderate prices. If not suited, we advise anyone to see Mr. Cubitt at Hanover Street, where he gives personal attention to all orders at his former prices.

Successful House-Warming

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The Menu: Pancakes and Fritters

SIFT 4oz. of flour into a basin, beat up two eggs and mix with the flour. Stir in gradually about half a pint of milk, add a tablespoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; beat the mixture until quite smooth. Let the batter stand for half an hour or longer. Put a clean omelet or frying-pan on the fire, when hot put in a little clarified butter or lard; as soon as hot put in enough batter to cover thinly the bottom of the pan. Let it get brown on one side, then toss or turn it over and brown the other side. Keep the edges of the pancake free from the pan. When done, turn out on a clean paper, and proceed in this manner until the batter is used up. Dredge each pancake with a little sugar, squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice over, and roll up; then dish up, stand in a hot oven for a moment, and serve with quarters of lemon.

French Pancakes

Two ounces of butter, 2oz. of castor sugar, 2oz. of flour, two eggs, half a pint of new milk. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and the yolks of the eggs which must be well beaten, then add the flour and milk and the whites of the eggs, whisked to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture on to deep saucers, well buttered, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve them in pairs (or in one pile), and put a very small quantity of apricot jam or marmalade between each. Sprinkle a little sugar on the tops. The butter being beaten to a cream rises to the top, but it comes all right directly it is in the oven.

Savoury Pancakes

Put six tablespoonfuls of flour in a basin with a teaspoonful of salt, make this into a batter with three large eggs, well beaten, and a little milk. Beat this mixture briskly with a wooden spoon till every lump is smooth; then stir in a teaspoonful of minced onion, the same of minced herbs, and a good dust of pepper. Let the batter stand for a few hours, then fry a small teacupful at a time in boiling fat or lard. As each pancake is finished, roll it up, sprinkle pepper and salt over, and serve as quickly after being cooked as possible.

Corn Fritters

Half a tin of corn, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, seasoning to taste. Drain the corn into a bowl, stir in the flour carefully, add the parsley, seasoning, well beat the eggs, and stir in last. Have ready some boiling fat in a frying-pan into which the batter should be dropped, a dessertspoonful at a time. Drain on paper, and serve at once on a hot dish.

Apple Fritters

Peel and core some apples so as to leave them in rings, roll them in sugar, coat with batter, and put them into a pan of very hot fat with a skewer; when coloured on one side, turn them, but be careful not to let the fritters touch one another. When cooked, drain on kitchen paper, and serve very hot dusted with castor sugar. Always reheat the fat before putting in a second lot.

Banana Fritters

Peel the bananas, cut them lengthwise in two, or, if too big, halve again; dip them in rum or in orange-flower water, roll in sugar, and cover with a nice batter. Have ready hot fat, and fry and finish off as before. Fritters must be cooked in a deep pan full of fat. All fruit to be used should first be dipped in castor sugar, so that the batter may adhere properly, and then evenly coated with the batter.

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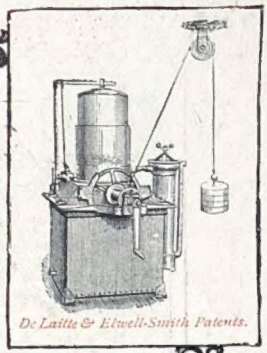

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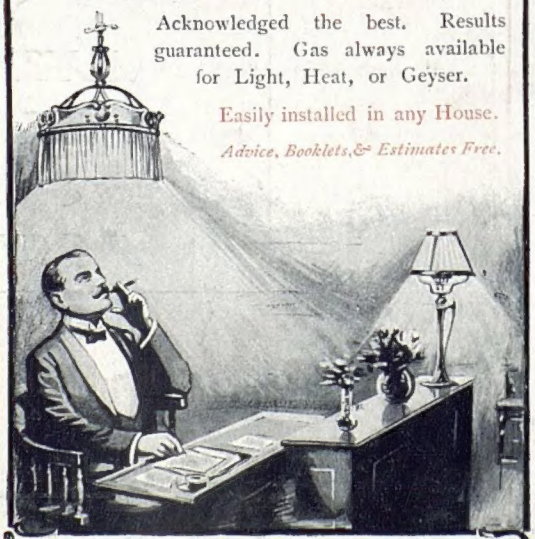

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